ODICAL ROOM
ERAL LIBRARY
NIV. OF MICH.

JUN 23 193

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIII. No. 329 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 949
ELECTRIC WIRE-PULLING 952
THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By Robert Dell . . . 953
A LONDON DIARY 954
THIS ENGLAND 955
THE GENERAL ELECTION IN HOLLAND. By W. van Ravesteyn 956
A NOT TOO GOOD HIDING. By Y. Y. 957
SONG OF THE ELDER STATESMEN. By Sagittarius . 958
CORRESPONDENCE 958
From R. H. S. Crossman; Donald Cowie; Douglas Goldring; J. Allen Skinner; Sir D. M. Stevenson; J. T. Davis; Rev. Conrad Noel; G. H. Sewell; Pat Sloan; H. D. Willcock; H. van Thal; "A.B."
SHARECROPPERS. By Kingsley Martin . . . 961
SALUD Y PESETAS. By Sir George Young . . 962
NO EQUIVOCATION. By Graham Bell . . Page 963
PLAYS AND PICTURES 963
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 965
REVIEWS:
Pliny and the Catacombs. By Cyril Connolly . 966
Tunbridge Wells. By Peter Quennell . . . 967
New Novels. By Brian Howard 968
Public Boards 972
A Poetical Autobiography. By Edward Sackville West. 974
Recent French Books. By René Elvin . . . 974
SHORTER NOTICES 976
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor. 978
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 980
CROSSWORD 981
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 982

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE has been no important engagement in the war in Spain during the past week—only rather more than the usual amount of horror, in the shape of intensified bombing or shelling of Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona and Bilbao. Meanwhile, the efforts to stick together the pieces of the control scheme are believed to be nearing success. The Russian demand that the scheme should be made genuinely international is strongly opposed by the British Government, and the French are prepared to agree, though reluctantly, with London rather than with Moscow. The three main conditions on which it is hoped Germany and Italy will be brought back to the Non-Intervention Committee, are the extension of the safety zones, assurances by both sides in Spain that they will do their best to avoid any more "incidents," and consultation between the patrolling Powers if incidents do arise. About the exact form that this consultation would take, and what action it would lead to, we are not clear. But one thing it must certainly not lead to, or permit—and that is, any such retaliation as the Germans took at Almeria. Public opinion in this country and in France will not be party to crimes of that sort; and the British Government have made it plain that they will give no support to the German claim to incorporate the "lex talionis" in international law.

The Empire Agrees

The only agreement reached at the Imperial Conference is an agreement not to quarrel about the subjects of their disagreements. No economic conventions are possible; Canada, wanting the American market as well as the British, is prepared for a revision of Ottawa, which would not please Britain. Foreign policy is equally difficult; again Canada, stubbornly isolationist, will agree to nothing which involves European entanglements, while South Africa is still sore over Great Britain's failure to press sanctions against Mussolini, and New Zealand has had the courage to criticise severely the British attitude to the League and to the Spanish war. New Zealand, once Britain's white-headed boy, has now, under a Labour Government, taken Australia's place as the most intractable member of the family. Nothing much will come of Mr. Lyons' proposal for a Pacific pact; it appears not to have been a detailed plan to solve the difficulties of relations between Britain, the U.S.A., Japan and the U.S.S.R., but an improvised proposal of which nothing was known in Australia before Mr. Lyons left, and which may easily have been suggested by the British Government after his arrival. The interesting features of the Conference have been the independence of some of the Dominions and their surprise when they realised that British policy is not, as many of them had thought, to oppose Fascism abroad, but to divide the two principal Fascist countries by buying off first one and then the other. At the end of

last year they were told that we had made an agreement with Italy, which meant the isolation of Germany; to-day they are told that since Italy double-crossed us we are making an agreement with Germany to isolate Italy. Whatever may be said for this policy, it has nothing to do with the League, which we are supposed to be backing.

Baron von Neurath's Tour

The visits of princes and potentates to the capitals of central Europe generally set the dogs a-barking, and Baron von Neurath's Danubian tour is no exception to the rule. He has been to Belgrade, he is going to Sofia, and then to Budapest. We do not profess to know all that is in his mind or the minds of his hosts; but we see no reason for the fears which are manifested by some of the continental commentators. Germany's relations with Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Hungary are, and have been for some time, friendly enough; Germany, no doubt, wants to make them still closer, especially on the economic side, and the Danubian States themselves are certainly not averse to getting all the benefit they can by the extension of their trade. How far does this commit them politically? Not to the point of attaching themselves to the Berlin-Rome axis; that, they aver, they have no intention of doing. Nor, so far as Jugoslavia is concerned, to antagonism to Czechoslovakia, though if Neurath succeeded in the aim with which he is credited, of bringing Jugoslavia and Hungary closer together, it would tend to a further isolation of Czechoslovakia. We do not, of course, forget the present close collaboration of Italy and Germany, and the significance of these visits from that point of view. But it is far from clear that the interests of Hitler and Mussolini in the tangle of Central and Southern Europe are—or ever will be—identical, and for the moment we watch Baron von Neurath's peripatetic diplomacy with interest rather than alarm.

Strike Tension in U.S.A.

The continued refusal of the three irreconcilable steel producers—Republic Steel, Inland Steel and Youngstown Sheet—to come to terms with the Committee for Industrial Organisation has produced an explosive situation in Ohio, which President Roosevelt can scarcely afford to ignore. Last week-end the line of pickets beleaguering the Youngstown works was broken by the sheriff of the county, at the head of a posse of armed deputies and police, and a truck-load of provisions reached the "scabs" (*alias* "loyal workers") within. In consequence, more aggressive tactics have been threatened by the strikers' committee. At Warren, Ohio, where Republic Steel has a large plant, recruitment of strike-breaking vigilantes is balanced by the arming of C.I.O. pickets. The Administration is being asked to intervene—by the Steelworkers' Committee on the ground that the recalcitrant companies are acting in defiance of the Wagner Act, by the railroad executives on the plea that they are being forcibly prevented from fulfilling their obligations as common carriers, and by the steel bosses on the ground that the postal authorities are failing to deliver packages of food to the blockaded works. The Governor of Ohio has invited representatives of the C.I.O. and the three steel companies to confer with him, but Washington has so far made no move. Meanwhile the city of Flint, in Michigan, has been paralysed by an electric power strike.

The Forty-Hour Week at Geneva

At Geneva the International Labour Organisation is now busy discussing the text of its draft conventions for the forty-hour week in the textile and certain other industries. As usual, the British employers, supported by the British Government, are leading the opposition, while the French and American employers, as well as their Governments, are in general supporting the conventions, which have the full backing of the workers' delegates. On the employers' side, the now customary tactics of boycotting the discussions are being used, except by the French and American representatives. The rest of the employers' delegates refuse to offer any amendments to the draft conventions in committee, and simply vote against them *en bloc* when they come up for endorsement. On the textile convention, the British employers' representative declined to have anything to do with a project that would "ruin the industry"; while on the printing convention his colleague urged that the printing trades could best be left to look after themselves without legislative interference. Thus once again Great Britain, which used to lead the world in industrial legislation, is at the head of reaction, whereas America, which used to lag far behind, provides employers who pay testimony to the success of the shorter working week and to its lack of adverse effect on the volume of production.

No Gold Standard Yet

Great Britain, for the present, is not to go back to the gold standard, but the authorities will continue to buy gold as required to keep the pound stable against the dollar. That is the upshot of Sir John Simon's declaration in the House of Commons on Tuesday, following upon President Roosevelt's disclaimer last week of any impending change in the monetary policy of the United States. Behind these announcements lies a vigorous controversy arising out of the panicky conditions which have prevailed of late in the gold market. First came rumours that America meant to stop buying gold, at any rate at the existing price. Then began a process of disgorging private gold hoards by alarmed speculators who saw less risk in holding money or securities. The South African Government pressed strongly for a return to the gold standard in order to maintain the advantages which the Dominion has derived from the high value of gold; and, as usual, a large section of high finance backed up the demand for a return to "sound money." Wisely, the Government has decided to await events before settling its policy. It is doubtful whether the conditions precedent to the re-establishment of a gold standard internationally can yet be attained: there is no common agreement among countries as to desirable price levels, no solution yet to the problem of inter-governmental debts, and no relaxation of "nationalist" restrictions on the free flow of goods and money. For these and other reasons a hasty return to the gold standard in order to please Johannesburg and Mr. Montagu Norman would be unthinkable.

Agricultural Discontents

The debate on the Agricultural Vote last Monday showed the Government satisfied with, and even complacent about, their policy. That policy—a hotchpotch

of protective duties, quotas, subsidies and marketing schemes—has no doubt done something to remedy the farmers' discontents. Whether it has done the right things, either for the farmers or for the community, is quite another matter. It has certainly not effected a fair deal between producers and consumers; and when the Minister declared that their policy, "in so far as it applies import duties and marketing schemes," had had no adverse effect upon consumers' prices, he was—to put it vulgarly—talking through his hat. Sir Francis Acland, in the course of a speech full of cogent criticism and suggestions, exposed the hollowness of this pretence. He and other speakers again showed up the scandals of the milk marketing scheme. Mr. Tom Williams was eloquent on behalf of the agricultural labourer, for whose sorry lot there is sympathy on all sides of the House. There is even sympathy on the Government benches, which may translate itself into action about the date of the Greek Kalends. Mr. Lloyd George came out with a list of sweeping proposals which were politely smiled out of court by Mr. Morrison.

The Minister of Health Reports Progress

Sir Kingsley Wood, in presenting the Vote for the Ministry of Health on Tuesday, waxed eloquent over his department's work, and secured Mr. Lansbury's praise as "one of the best who have held the position." The Minister was, indeed, able to point to considerable achievements in the sphere of housing, and to not unsatisfactory figures, in a comparative sense, relating to sickness and mortality. The continuance of the housing boom has considerably eased his task in that field; for, though local authority building is still, despite slum clearance and overcrowding measures, on a relatively small scale, private building has remained at a high level. The most disquieting feature is the steady rise in housing costs, due partly to the higher price of timber, but also to the competitive pressure on builders arising out of improved trade generally and rearmament in particular. Rural housing, Sir Kingsley Wood admitted, still lags badly behind; and he is considering what can be done to speed it up. On the subject of population, he refuses to be alarmed, and stresses the need for fuller information, especially about the ages of mothers, before any reliable forecasts of future population can be made. Opposition to the Vote in the House of Commons was somewhat perfunctory. There were demands for better control over building costs, for improved provision for amenities on new housing estates, and for a number of other measures. But in general the critics seemed to share Mr. Lansbury's view that the real enemy was poverty, and that the Minister was doing nearly all he could do so long as this fundamental evil remained untouched.

Another Heresy Hunt?

The Executive Council of the Transport and General Workers' Union has taken the remarkably drastic step of suspending from their functions not only the London Busmen's Central Committee, which was in charge of the recent strike, but also the whole network of committees at garages and depots in London. The suspension is to remain in force pending the results of an investigation by the Union into the conduct of the strike, and the connection between the busmen's leaders and certain "unofficial" organisations which are alleged to have interfered with the membership and obtained undue influence over the Central Committee. Thus Mr. Bevin and his Executive, not content with ordering the busmen back to work and taking over the control of the negotiations with the L.P.T.B., have now struck back at the busmen's organisation, and seem determined to pursue relentless war against the alleged subversive influences inside the Union. This is obviously a serious matter; for action of this sort is very apt to lead to a split in the ranks. It is to be hoped that the inquiry which is now being held by the Union will lead to a satisfactory settlement. After all, the Executive did empower the busmen's committee to control the strike; and the bus leaders, however reluctantly, did advise the men to obey the Executive's order to return to work.

Air Accidents

The deplorable tale of R.A.F. crashes last week-end, involving the loss of seven lives, raises inevitably questions of Air Force administration. One aeroplane was wrecked in the Cumberland mountains on its passage from Bristol to Fife. Out of a flight that left Stranraer, in Wigtownshire, for Hucknall, Notts, no fewer than three machines crashed—two in Galloway, one at Thornthwaite Pike, near Patterdale. On the day on which the accidents occurred the whole of Cumberland and Galloway—the most perilous flying area, save for the Western Highlands, in Britain—was wrapped in mist and rain. There was practically no visibility, no "ceiling." What experience of blind flying and of the terrain had the pilots who were ordered to make these flights? Was it legitimate that they should have been attempted in such weather conditions? Is there a properly organised, or indeed any, system of "beam" direction control in operation at the R.A.F.'s northern bases? That the air should take a toll of life may be inevitable, but the public has the right to assurances that lives are not being thrown away.

Prison "Wages"

If Sir Samuel Hoare goes on remembering that he is descended from Elizabeth Fry we may get some useful prison reforms through during his period of office. His first announcement, that "wages" would be paid to convicts in Dartmoor, Parkhurst and Chelmsford, is welcome and important. It is not, however, the novelty that some commentators have imagined. The plan of paying a few shillings a week "tobacco money" to prisoners has been thoroughly tried out in a number of foreign experiments, and was initiated in this country at Wakefield, when the Howard League raised £250 for the wages of about thirty men for an experimental year. The plan was found to work admirably; double the work was done and the disciplinary result was excellent. A similar scheme was tried at Borstal institutions and elsewhere—always with good results. Prison reformers and, indeed, most people of common sense knew long ago that prisoners, like other human beings, are more responsive to rewards than to punishments. The Home Office is gradually coming round to the same opinion.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d

ELECTRIC WIRE-PULLING

THE Government has once more got into difficulties with its monied supporters, and once again, ironically enough, its quarrel with Big Business has been caused by proposals which its Socialist opponents will find it difficult to support. Without consulting industrialists Mr. Chamberlain produced his excess profits tax like a rabbit from a hat. The mobilised weight of Big Business opposition killed stone dead this maladroitly conjured fiscal bunny; but it was a bad tax, inequitable in its application and riddled, from the outset, by Labour criticism. In the vitally important matter of reorganising electricity distribution a different method of approach has been tried, but the results are equally unhappy. Draft plans for implementing the recommendations made, a year ago, by the McGowan Committee were circulated last month "in confidence" to the industry. The electricity interests disliked the proposals; the powerful electric lobby in the House got busy; M.P.s not acquainted with these "confidential" schemes protested that Parliament was being kept ignominiously in the dark; and now that the plans have been published in a White Paper they turn out to be such as to invite serious criticism from the Opposition. The Government and the electricity consumer alike are getting the worst of both worlds.

The McGowan Report itself was not an impressively courageous affair. Having subjected the existing electricity chaos to an admirable critical analysis, the Committee proved pliant to pressure from the interests, and was deflected in its conclusions from the one economically sound and socially tolerable solution—reorganisation of electricity distribution on a regional basis in the hands of public utility boards. On the urgent need for reform it was emphatic. It found that out of over 620 authorised undertakings supplying electricity in 1934 (comprising 370 municipalities and 250 companies) upwards of 400 were small concerns selling between them less than 10 per cent. of the country's total electricity output. Not merely was the average size of undertakings too small for optimum efficiency, but there was needless overlapping of boundaries, vexatious multiplicity of voltages and forms of tariff, and a striking discrepancy in distribution costs, ranging from a halfpenny to nearly threepence per unit sold. Whereas costs of generation, thanks largely to the Central Electricity Board, had been nearly halved in the past decade, distribution costs had been static. Making due allowance for the increase in numbers of small (and therefore costly) consumers, the Committee was not content that this situation should continue, nor was it satisfied that adequate electrical development in rural areas was being carried out.

In large part this unsatisfactory state of affairs was the legacy of past electricity legislation. As long ago as the Electric Lighting Act of 1882 Parliament decided to adopt the policy that the supply of electric light should be a public service operated by local authorities. In urban districts in which companies were given a franchise for a period of years, the municipalities were given duplicate powers, and it was clearly contemplated that eventually local authorities would absorb all other undertakings. As a result, there came into existence a multiplicity of company and municipal undertakings, often competing in the same area. But a further, more serious, difficulty arose; in legislating during the '80s Parliament had not contemplated the generation of electricity for power nor its high-voltage transmission over areas far larger than those of individual local authorities. Hence came the need for the various Acts dating from 1900 onwards which gave to Power Companies a perpetual franchise to supply power (and, subject to certain conditions, light) in areas not served by existing authorised undertakings. The 27 Power Companies operating in 1934 supplied over 40 per cent. of the area and population of the country.

Having rejected the principle of regional public utility boards, the Committee in its conclusions fell back on a curious and, as the event proves, politically unworkable compromise. It recommended that the country should be mapped out into suitable areas and that in each area District Commissioners, under the authority of the Electricity Commission, should frame schemes of reorganisation based on the retention, where possible, of the larger and more efficient of the existing undertakings and the compulsory absorption of the small "inefficients." The idea was that the number of undertakings should be drastically reduced, and that in the process of grouping due regard should be paid to the desirability of "mixing" rural and urban consumption. The intention was obviously that the larger Power Companies should be the nucleus for amalgamation in most areas. Their franchise, it was proposed, should be limited to 50 years, and their selling prices, profits and dividends controlled. It was also suggested that in areas where a "capitalist" merger could not be carried out in practice, a public utility board might take over all the existing undertakings.

On these recommendations the Government has drafted its tentative proposals for legislation. According to the White Paper there are to be 76 groups and 47 subgroups—123 undertakings in all—brought about by three separate types of amalgamation: (A) transfer of existing company or municipal undertakings to a company or municipality, (B) transfer of both company and municipal undertakings to a district board, (C) union of two or more municipal undertakings under a joint board. Where municipal undertakings are acquired, they are to be paid for the value of physical assets taken over, with no allowance for profits hitherto devoted to relief of rates. Companies absorbed are to be compensated for loss of such profits as they would have made under future "price-dividend" regulations. Companies left in operation are to be strictly regimented by the Electricity Commissioners.

The upshot is that the Government is assailed on both flanks. The Labour Party is indignant at the idea of municipal enterprises being handed over, with meagre compensation for ratepayers, to capitalist concerns. The Power Companies are furious that the Government has not allowed them to swallow the whole electricity supply industry, private and municipal, and are unrighteously indignant at the extent (discussed in detail on our City Page) to which the Electricity Commissioners will exercise "bureaucratic" control over their future operations as well as determining in effect by their own rules the compensation accruing to the companies absorbed. Political wires are being vigorously pulled. The Government is being pressed to curtail radically in its Bill the supervisory powers of the Electricity Commission; to

delete altogether type B (the district board) of amalgamation; and to include more and more municipal undertakings in groups formed round a predominant company, on the ground that rural development requires, as indeed it does, adequate backing from urban consumption.

The moral is plain. On the one hand, organisation of electricity on exclusively municipal lines—successful as it has been in urban areas—is too parochial and fails to meet the needs of rural development, for which a "mixed" load is essential. On grounds of economy and efficiency of management the case for large-scale regional operation of electricity distribution is overwhelming; municipal and appropriate electrical development areas by no means coincide. On the other hand, not merely is the stringent control of franchised companies which the Government proposes to exercise the very minimum the consumer has the right to expect; the transfer of local authority undertakings to profit-making private monopolies is in principle a retrograde and objectionable step. The Government, indeed, tacitly admits it; for in a great many of the suggested groupings in which the largest distributor (round which the merger will seemingly be formed) is a company, municipalities of only moderate size are deliberately excluded. This compromise fatally prejudices the scheme. Not merely will far too many separate undertakings be left in existence—not 123 but something like 50 or less would be desirable—but the development of electric supply in rural areas will be handicapped by the lack of urban backing in the mixed groups' receipts.

There is no satisfactory way out of the dilemma unless the Government has the courage to be more socialistic than Lord McGowan and his colleagues. Their report vetoed reorganisation regionally on public utility lines for the quite inconclusive reasons that it would involve difficulties in determining proper compensation to the Power Companies enjoying franchise in perpetuity, and that it would cause "unnecessary dislocation" in the industry. We dissent; there is no practical alternative. Any scheme which fails as the Government's plan does, to mix urban and rural areas sufficiently is uneconomic; but to hand over municipal undertakings like that of Sheffield to a privately owned West Yorkshire monopoly would be socially intolerable. The district board, or in other words uniform application of amalgamation type B, is the only solution of the difficulty.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Geneva, June 7th, 1937

We have learned in Geneva to be thankful for small mercies. Past experience has taught us to assume in advance, when any inconvenient question is on the agenda of the Council of the League of Nations, that the Council will first try to postpone it and, if the attempt fails, will shirk their responsibilities by adopting some vague and ambiguous resolution. At the extraordinary session of the Council held last December at the request of the Spanish Government, Mr. Jordan, the representative of New Zealand, read at a public meeting some passages from the Covenant and asked whether the members of the Council proposed to fulfil the obligations set forth in them. The fact that Mr. Jordan evidently took the Covenant seriously shocked most of his colleagues, who thought his intervention positively indecent.

It is only just, however, to the other members of the Council to say that, if the British and French Governments were ready to fulfil their obligations under the Covenant, they would be followed by their colleagues. The failure of the League is the failure of the British and French Governments. They alone are responsible for it and it is in their power to make the League an effective force whenever they please. The failure is not due to lack of universality. The absence of Germany and Italy from Geneva is an advantage, not a disadvantage. It has made action possible. The pity is that Italy was not expelled from the League in 1935. It has been reported that Mussolini recently said that the reason why he did not give notice to leave the League was that, if he did, Germany would return to it. If Mussolini did not say it, he probably thinks it, for it is clearly to the advantage of Germany and Italy that one of them should be in the League to paralyse it from within while the other attacks it from without.

Being thankful for small mercies, we were agreeably surprised last week by the discussion in the Council of the Spanish appeal. We expected it to be much worse, and it would have been had the British delegation had their way. The resolution finally adopted was a nasty knock for British diplomacy. No doubt that was less evident outside Geneva than it was to those who had followed what went on behind the scenes. The British delegation came to Geneva with instructions to stifle discussion on the Spanish appeal and induce the Council simply to refer it back to what is humorously called the Non-Intervention Committee. When, however, the British delegation arrived in Geneva they found an atmosphere more favourable to the Spanish Government than ever before. That characteristic exploit of Nazi Germany, the destruction of Guernica, was no doubt for Sir Nevile Henderson, British Nazi ambassador to Berlin, one of the "trees which appear misshapen in English eyes" and prevent us from appreciating the beauties of the primeval forest as a whole,* but it has made a disagreeable impression on the Continent, particularly in the small countries. As a method of non-intervention it was not considered reassuring.

So favourable was the atmosphere to the Spanish Government that for a couple of days Mr. Eden was influenced by it and was quite pleasant to Alvarez del Vayo. When, however, Mr. Eden found that del Vayo would not yield to pressure and would not refrain from publishing the Italian documents or from speaking plainly to the Council, he became quite nasty and appeared to be considerably flustered. Our impression here was, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Eden was being goaded from London to allow nothing to be said or published that could cause the slightest pain to the Duce or the Führer. This, however, was not within Mr. Eden's power. When the Spanish White Book came out on May 27th, the British delegation became desperate and, acting no doubt on instructions from London, tried to induce the British press to say as little about the documents as possible. One of my colleagues pointed out, gently but firmly, that unfortunately they were good "copy." The attempt was a mistake, for the Geneva correspondents are less willing to dance to the tunes of the Foreign Office piper than some of the diplomatic correspondents in London appear to be. Indeed, the admonition had no effect except that of causing general indignation.

"Critic" has already told in your London Diary the story of Mr. Eden's strange pressure on Mr. Jordan. The time and place chosen for the intervention made it so conspicuous that nobody failed to notice it. The Council Chamber in the new League building looks more like a court of justice than the meeting place of a deliberative body. The members of the Council are seated, not round a table, but on an elevated semi-circular marble platform facing the audience. This is not an unsuitable arrangement, since all the real work of the Conference is done in private and the public sittings are spectacular. The result of it is that the members of the Council are as conspicuous as actors on a stage and not the slightest gesture on their part escapes notice. When, therefore, Mr. Eden was seen to leave his place, which is a considerable distance from Mr. Jordan's, and sit down by Mr. Jordan's side

* Speech at dinner given by the Deutsche Englische Gesellschaft. *Times*, June 2nd.

brandishing a pencil with which, after a short discussion, he ruthlessly sub-edited Mr. Jordan's "copy," there was some excitement in the audience. It is a pity that Mr. Jordan gave way, but we learned afterwards that Mr. Eden appealed to his sense of "fair play"—that mischievous fetish of the British schoolboy—sense of loyalty to the British Empire, and so on. Mr. Eden is understood to have said that he had shown Mr. Jordan his speech and Mr. Jordan ought to return the compliment; but Mr. Jordan had not claimed the right to strike out of Mr. Eden's speech any passages that did not please him. The incident was deeply resented by the New Zealand delegation and will probably be resented by the New Zealand public, for it was sent all over the world by the American press agencies.

It has to be said by way of excuse that Mr. Eden was evidently in a state of tension. Between his superiors in London, who were prodding him in the back, and Alvarez del Vayo, who was standing up to him, with strong backing from some other members of the Council, his position was not enviable. The next day he was obliged to agree to the text of a resolution, which satisfied del Vayo for the moment, but was very different from the text originally proposed by the British delegation. When, after the adoption of the resolution on May 28th, del Vayo made his dignified protest against the way in which Mr. Eden, in his speech the day before, had put "the two parties in Spain" on the same level, he had intended to mention Mr. Eden by name. He was persuaded not to do so by M. Delbos, who urged that Mr. Eden had had enough to put up with already, but everybody understood to whom del Vayo was alluding. There was a marked difference, both in tone and in phraseology, between Mr. Eden's speech on May 27th and that of M. Delbos, who scrupulously abstained from putting the Spanish Government and the Rebels on the same level, spoke invariably of "foreign combatants" and not of "volunteers," and insisted on the friendship of the French Government for Republican Spain.

This was one of a few recent symptoms of a slight tendency on the part of the French Government to shake off the yoke of the British Foreign Office. The two most important of such symptoms were the warning given at Berlin that an attack on Czechoslovakia would mean war with France, and the French diplomatic intervention at Bucharest, which appears to have killed the proposed pact between Rumania and Italy. Both these steps were taken on the personal initiative of Léon Blum without any previous consultation with the British Government. It would have been better for France and for Europe if he had intervened more often. It would appear that in the present negotiations with Germany the French Government is not prepared to go so far as the British in satisfying the demand of the gangsters for guarantees against any possible resistance on the part of their victims. One day last year an eminent diplomatist now in retirement said to me: "We live in a time in which anybody with sufficient effrontery can get away with anything and get anything across." We do indeed, at any rate in Europe, and in my opinion the fact gives disquieting support to Spengler's theory of *The Decline of the West*. Even now, for instance, the majority of people in England probably do not realise that the British Government went in for "sanctions" against Italy in 1935 only to secure an electoral victory with the firm intention of making them ineffective so as to have an excuse for never applying them again, and of putting an end to them as soon as the victory was won. The main lines of the Vansittart plan, commonly but erroneously called the Hoare-Laval plan, were communicated by Mr. Baldwin to the Comte de Chambrun, who was then French Ambassador to Rome, at Aix-les-Bains in September, 1935, just at the time when Sir Samuel Hoare made his noble speech at Geneva. Nobody, not even Hitler or Mussolini, is capable of greater duplicity in politics than a high-minded god-fearing English gentleman. *On peut toujours s'accommoder avec le Ciel*—and with British public opinion. Mr. Baldwin has become a national hero since he openly avowed that he had deceived the electorate to get votes.

The sequel to the bombing of the *Deutschland* would have seemed incredible in a less complacent age. It is taken for granted that the *Deutschland* did not fire first on the Spanish Government aircraft because it is convenient to take it for granted, not because the evidence proves it. Although we have not yet sufficient evidence to form a definite opinion on this point, the presumption is all the other way for the reasons given in del Vayo's communication to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations on May 31st and in the Spanish Government's note of June 4th to the Non-Intervention Committee. The fact that the German Government waited 24 hours to announce that the *Deutschland* had been bombarded, whereas the Spanish Government announced the event immediately after it took place between 6 and 7 p.m. on May 29th, and said at once that the aeroplanes had been fired on and had "retaliated by bombarding the aggressor vessel," is in itself significant.

Before this article appears in print events will probably have shown whether the tendency towards independence manifested by the French Government at Geneva continues and develops. Another hopeful symptom at Geneva was a slight reinforcement of the cohesion of the Little Entente and a slight improvement in the relations of Jugoslavia and Rumania with France and Russia. Jugoslavia and Rumania, however, are not yet ready to reconsider their refusal of the French proposal—also made without consulting the British Government—that the pact of the Little Entente should be converted into a General Pact of Mutual Assistance guaranteed by France. When a similar proposal was made to France by the Little Entente in the summer of last year, the French Government rejected it under pressure from London. M. Laval's policy of forming a combination between France, Germany, and Italy to put a stop to British interference on the Continent was a bad one in present conditions, although there would be a great deal to be said for it if Germany and Italy were democratic countries. But even a bad policy is better than no policy at all—than what M. Tardieu once called "la politique du chien crevé."

ROBERT DELL

A LONDON DIARY

I SEE that Mr. Eden has denied "blue-pencilling" Mr. Jordan's speech at Geneva. Well, the pencil may have been red or black. But that Mr. Jordan's speech was altered and upset as a result of Mr. Eden's intervention cannot be denied. The incident was witnessed, as Mr. Robert Dell's article explains in these columns this week, by scores of people. I have myself received four separate eye-witness reports and the story has gone over in the American press without censorship. It also appeared in London in a single edition of the *Evening News* as a splash story about a "scandal" at Geneva. It was promptly cut out. A friend of mine has a copy—now an interesting collector's piece. It went to other papers, but was suppressed. One other paper, I know, set it up at length and then reduced it to an innocuous three lines. I suggest no corrupt influence. You remember Humbert Wolfe's verse:

> You cannot hope to bribe or twist
> Thank God! the British journalist;
> But seeing what the man will do
> Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

* * *

Mr. Wickham Steed has incorporated a remarkably interesting discovery into the new (fifth) edition of his *Hitler: Whence and Whither?* He has added a new chapter in which he quotes at length from the fantastic correspondence between Houston Chamberlain and the Kaiser, and concludes with quotations from Chamberlain's letters in the autumn of 1923, when he had just met Hitler. This direct connection with Hitler is quite new to me and I think to most people. The letters have not been published in England before. Chamberlain, then an old man, was swept off his never very stable legs by the "incredible magnetism" of Hitler. He wrote

in an ecstasy to him and about him, repeating for the advantage of National Socialism the old stuff about the divine mission of Germany with which he had so long stuffed the head of Wilhelm II. If Hitler kept a diary it would be interesting to hear what he thought at the time of this odd Englishman, from whom he had long before indirectly learnt the Nordic myth, and through whom more than anyone else, except Gobineau, the rulers of Germany had come to believe the doctrines that the Germans were a chosen race, the British decadent, the Jews the children of Satan, and Christ an Aryan. It is a fascinating story of the triumph of a myth—fascinating if you can be intellectually detached about it, but terrifying as well as fascinating when you read it in the pages of Mr. Wickham Steed, who writes about it not as an historical curiosity but as a horror which may kill most of us in the next few years.

* * *

I referred last week to the efforts made at Geneva to dissuade Senor Del Vayo from producing his evidence of Italian intervention in Spain. I have now seen a translation of an almost equally striking document—the Basques' White Book of German intervention. It gives the names, ranks, etc. of Germans captured by the Basques, detailed evidence that the aeroplanes that have shelled the Basque towns were German, that the shells were German and the pilots German; it describes at length the extraordinary incident of the *Palos* in which the Basque Government showed a meticulous care for the rules of international law and the Germans a contempt which would be astonishing if it was not now a commonplace, and, most interesting of all, explains the detention and punishment by the Basque authorities of the Austro-German Consul in Bilbao. This gentleman, Herr Wakonigg, who was acting for both Germany and Austria, was leaving the country on a diplomatic mission in company with the British, Belgian, French and other Consuls. The Basques, who had secret service information about Herr Wakonigg's activities, asked to be allowed to search the baggage of all the Consuls. Only Herr Wakonigg objected. A search was, however, carried out: it revealed that he was taking advantage of his consular immunity to carry letters and valuables to Franco's side and, more important, to convey detailed military information about the Basque defences as well as advice to General Franco about the most effective form of attack. In plain terms, Herr Wakonigg was a spy and his Consulate the headquarters of Nazi espionage and intrigue. Herr Wakonigg was tried and executed and his assistant Herr Schaeidt sentenced to life imprisonment.

* * *

The National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief has had an original idea for its Albert Hall meeting on June 24th. Several famous writers and musicians will broadcast to the meeting from the parts of the world where they happen to be. Pablo Casals, for instance, is to broadcast from some town in Central Europe, and Paul Robeson from Moscow. This seems a good device for bringing home to an English audience that the Spanish cause is not only Spanish, and lest anyone should think that the plight of the Basque refugees, in whose aid the meeting is to be held, is a local matter, to be dealt with by a few professional humanitarians or used for publicity purposes by interested politicians, the meeting will be addressed in person by Picasso, and Heinrich Mann; by Professor Langevin, the great French physicist; Professor Constable, the art critic; and by the Duchess of Atholl, who will be in the chair. Among those who have promised to be on the platform are H. G. Wells, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Havelock Ellis, H. W. Nevinson, Harold Nicolson, Sean O'Casey, Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Sybil Thorndike, and Gwen ffrançon Davies.

* * *

One of the problems that has always troubled out-and-out pacifists is that a proportion, which is not very easily calculable, of the taxes they pay goes to paying for past, present and future wars, and that in order to be consistent they ought not to pay at least for the present and future ones, though they may not mind doing their bit towards wiping off the financial cost of Waterloo and Passchendaele. It is obviously impossible to do anything about indirect taxes: not to drink whisky on the ground that it is taxed will please the temperance reformer but won't advance the pacifist cause. No, the only possibility is to refuse to pay a proportion of income tax which roughly corresponds to the proportion of national expenditure spent on rearmament. This is what Miss Dighton, Secretary of the Notting Hill group of the P.P.U., is doing; and she is consequently to appear next Tuesday at the Westminster Police Court. The case is important. Logic suggests that sooner or later the whole P.P.U. may follow Miss Dighton's example.

* * *

Chatham House needs more money, and as a first step towards getting it, Stephen King-Hall has written a short book about it (*Chatham House*, Oxford University Press, 5*s*.). It is a story of a very successful and well-run institution, one of the few good things that sprang out of the post-war desire to stop the next that has survived and prospered. Several of the developments that King-Hall talks about as things that might be done with more money are undoubtedly desirable—more especially, I think, the proposal to extend research in foreign affairs to large provincial towns. But I hope King-Hall is not too successful in his appeal for money. I'm sure that Chatham House is better if it is comparatively small. The Library is now one of the best rooms to work in in London—crowded though it is. But that is because membership is still limited and the whole show still small enough to be human. If it is made much larger and more elaborate its peculiar value will disappear.

* * *

The National Liberal M.P.s (not, as the Press Association first said, the "Rational" Liberal M.P.s—that, the P.A. explained, was a mistake) met last Tuesday, and one of the subjects that some of them meant to discuss was the allocation of posts in the new Government. What this really meant was that some of the Simonites were jealous of Mr. Robert Bernays, who has received the desirable post of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, though he only joined the Simonite Party last September. Nothing came of the protest, however, for it was forestalled by a motion of confidence in Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, National Government and all the rest of it. The disgruntled elements were finally flattened out by Mr. Bernays himself, who wound up with a speech which was undeniably very competent and, in the difficult circumstances, rather more than competent.

* * *

I enjoy the nursery rhymes with which the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is enlivening its political comments. Here is one on Franklin D. Roosevelt's controversy with the Supreme Court:

F. D. R. Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Congress pie,
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum

And the Supreme Court said by a five to four majority that this is definitely unconstitutional.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to M. E. Carter.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

For instance, the audience at Ventnor were recently told that the Government had failed to back up the League of Nations, when the fact is that the League of Nations, wrongly so-called, did not back up the National Government.—*Isle of Wight County Press.*

I had a letter the other day from a lady who anxiously inquired about respirators for her hens.—Speaker on Air Raid Precautions reported in *Bath Herald and Chronicle.*

An Indian radio listener at Allahabad hoisted a Union Jack from one of his aerials on Coronation Day. As long as it was flying he received nothing but the Coronation broadcast. When it was lowered there were constant interruptions from foreign stations.—*Sunday Express.*

The Duke of Kent had a thrill last night driving to a dinner at the Salters' Hall, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C. Another car travelling West pulled out from behind a van at the corner of Walbrook and Cannon Street, E.C. The Duke applied his brakes hard, and brought his car almost to a standstill.—*Daily Mirror.*

There is no such thing as a household drudge in South Africa. Even on the poorest farms or in the meanest suburb, there is a native to do the work of the home. He will start at half-past five or six in the morning, and if he is well trained he will not only do all the cleaning and tidying in the house, but he will cook all the meals, and perhaps find time to launder or garden.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Is it an accident that our leaders have always been distinguished for their style—the liveliness and vigour of Marx himself, the ease and brilliance of Engels, the pungent homeliness of Lenin, the simplicity and clarity of Stalin?—*Labour Monthly.*

On a point of honour, Old Harrovians will rally round the Government in the House of Commons to-day, writes our Political Correspondent.

It is the Fourth of June at Eton, and the Government, anticipating a general exodus of old Etonian members, numbering over 100, have included in their Whip a reminder to this effect, and earnestly requested non-Etonians to fill the breach.

The Whips, I understand, are confident that the Harrow School motto, "Stet fortuna domus," will stand between them and defeat on a division. In Party circles last night this had been freely translated to mean "The Government must not be let down." In any event, there is little cause for alarm.

Captain David Margesson, the Government's Chief Whip, is an old Harrovian.—*Morning Post.*

It was a wonderful Derby. Two women owners were represented in the field. Their horses came in first and second—such a triumph for feminism as it has not won since the Cambridge examiners placed a woman above the Senior Wrangler.—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN HOLLAND

FOR the first time in Holland a general election has turned on the issue of democracy—the preservation of our existing parliamentary institutions and constitutional rights. At the general election of 1933, the first held after the economic crisis had made itself seriously felt here, the question had not yet arisen. But in 1935 a professedly "national-socialist" movement, led by a certain M. Mussert (until recently Chief Engineer of the Ministry of Waterways and unknown politically) deliberately attacked the vested interest of all the other political parties—parliamentary government. This movement, which had established itself about 1933, immediately proved to have large funds at its disposal. The country was overrun with demagogic slogans, and propagandist meetings were held where, entirely in the German fashion, anything was promised to anybody. The ground had been prepared by the economic crisis and by an isolated case of "mutiny" on board a naval training ship in the East Indies, which had caused a veritable stampede among large sections of the bourgeoisie. The new party at the provincial elections of 1935 polled the not inconsiderable number of 8 per cent. of the total votes, and Fascism in its most dangerous form—purely German and German-inspired—thereby penetrated into nearly all the *Provinciale Staten* and secured two of the fifty seats in the Senate.

Holland really seemed in danger. For undoubtedly this self-styled "national" movement was in actual fact foreign, partly financed with German money, and out to promote the German influence which had indeed been considerable for the last fifty years. The position seemed the more precarious because in 1935 the economic condition of Holland showed scarcely any signs of recovery. The crisis, which had been weighing on our national life since 1929 to 1930, would not lift. After several years of deflation, under Ruys and Colijn, we were left with nearly half a million of permanent unemployed—a higher percentage than in England—while the professional and intellectual classes saw their standard of living cut down to a bare minimum. All conditions seemed favourable for Fascist demagogy.

Against this background the elections of May 26th are encouraging for democrats. The results are a very great disappointment for Herr Mussert and his financial supporters at home and abroad. The N.S.B. (National Socialist League), which at the first onslaught in 1935 polled 294,500 votes, only just reached 171,000 now, i.e., barely 4 per cent. Whereas Herr Mussert had said he was going to win from four to twenty-four seats in the Second Chamber (out of a total of 100), he actually secured four, besides two additional seats in the First Chamber. It is true that, viewed in the abstract, four seats for the first time is not a negligible number. When in 1918 the Communists—after nine years of unavailing propaganda—upon first entering the States General obtained two seats, this was rightly looked upon as an event of great importance. But this time, because of what preceded, the psychological effect at home and abroad is an entirely different one. Everybody knows and feels now that Holland, too, even as Belgium in the recent Brussels election for or against Degrelle, has dealt Nazism a blow.

This is the happier aspect of the election. It should not blind one, however, to the other one, which might in the long run prove of more lasting importance. For the Dutch people have certainly not moved a step forward towards true democracy, let alone Socialism. They may have proved impervious—with rare exceptions—to German Nazism. They have remained equally unperturbed by the great social problems of our time. This will at once become evident from a few figures.

The triumphant victor in this election is the person—and therefore the party, but especially the person—of our Baldwin, Dr. Colijn, the leader of the so-called *Anti-revolutionnaire Partij*, once the party of the petty bourgeoisie, but now purely capitalist, conservative, and strongly interested in Dutch imperialism. He polled 665,000 votes as against 421,000 in 1935 and 500,000 in 1933, which means 17 seats instead of 14. This increase in the number of votes is especially due to "Liberal" support. But the "Liberals" with us have in the last twelve years or so become increasingly conservative, anti-socialist. Not in a single respect, neither as regards democratic rights nor in the matter of social legislation, to say nothing of a planned economy, are they prepared to make any concession to the Labour Party. Their voting for Colijn will result in a stiffening of the latter's policy, which ever since 1933 has been one of reaction, vacillation and retrenchment.

The fact that the Roman Catholic Party, the strongest in the country, through a recent modification of the electoral system has obtained 31 seats as against 28, although the percentage of votes polled has only risen by ½ per cent., does not counteract this conservative tendency. This party, entirely modelled on the former German *Centrum*, to which it is entirely comparable, is an amalgam of classes and interests, but despite certain leanings towards social control it may be said to stand for reaction, as conservative capitalist interests always manage to dominate it. Indeed, the bishops, who rule the party, are strongly anti-socialist, like the high clergy everywhere. The same is true of the third party of the Right, the *Christelijk-Historische Partij*, which is a Protestant Church party, conservative like the Anti-revolutionary one, only a little more so. It has lost two seats. But the three parties of the Right, which governed together for many years—from 1918 till 1933—have once again obtained 56 seats in the Chamber, and they could therefore command a majority without the co-operation of the bourgeois parties of the Left—

the Liberal Democrats and the Liberals—who since 1933 have been represented in the so-called " National " Cabinet (the Labour Party being excluded).

We shall clearly again have a purely bourgeois Government, and, what is more, a purely conservative, deflationist, anti-socialist one, a Government whose first act will undoubtedly be to strengthen the fighting services, not merely the army but also the navy. This reinforcement had so far practically remained in abeyance. For our propertied classes it is now the most urgent measure to be taken.

Under the circumstances it goes without saying that the working classes will not stand a chance of seeing any of their wishes realised. It is true that the percentage of votes polled by their most important political party, the S.D.A.P. (Netherlands Labour Party) has since 1933 increased by ½ per cent., so that they can now command 23 seats in the Chamber as against 22 in 1933. But the position of the party both in the Chamber and in the country is one of almost complete isolation. A middle-class democratic party no longer exists, except for a small Christian-Democratic group with two seats in the Chamber. With the Communists (Stalinists), who have retained their percentage of votes, but have now only got three seats instead of four, the S.D.A.P. will have nothing to do. For propaganda purposes they are lumped together with the Nazis. And there are no longer any representatives of other Socialist parties or organisations of the Left. Therefore the political and parliamentary position of the S.D.A.P. and of the working class will remain what it has been since 1929—that of a staunch but well-nigh powerless Opposition. Certainly nothing will be realised of the carefully drawn-up " Labour Plan," a scheme for regulating production which the party has been advocating for the last few years.

The powerlessness of Labour in Holland, especially as compared with the position of the working classes in Belgium and France, has become still more evident. It also forms a humiliating contrast with the achievements of the movement in the Scandinavian countries. But we live in an imperialist country, where Capital, Big Business and Finance are almost omnipotent. And, if Europe is spared a war, we must be thankful for the calm moderation with which our Reaction allows us to trudge along.

W. VAN RAVESTEYN

Rotterdam, May 28th, 1937.

A NOT TOO GOOD HIDING

SIR ROBERT TASKER, M.P., has been telling the House of Commons that " to deal effectively with certain men you have to give them a good hiding." The prescription is a popular one, especially among those who have misspent their youth in acquiring those qualities which make it possible to give a man a good hiding. It is frequently on the lips even of comparative weaklings who are always giving good hidings in their imaginations. I know one normally timid man who is constantly saying things like : " What he needs is a punch on the jaw " or " There's only one way to deal with a man like that—a good punch on the jaw." Sometimes he goes further and says : " If it hadn't been for (such-and-such a thing), I would have let him had a punch on the jaw." But the punch never gets delivered. There is always something to prevent it—the presence of ladies, or dislike of making a scene at a party, or the fact that the other man was not the sort of fellow you would care to soil your hands on. My friend, indeed, is a third-class theorist rather than a first-class fighting-man.

It must be said in Sir Robert Tasker's favour that he is no mere theorist. He has practised, as well as preached, the gospel of the good hiding. He tells how, during the war, he altered the character of an insubordinate private in his regiment by meeting him in " a friendly little boxing competition " with bare fists. The man had a long record of misbehaviour and at last was arrested for assaulting the police in London. For the sake of the regiment Sir Robert decided that the affair should be treated as a military, not as a civil, offence ; and, when the soldier was brought back under escort, he offered him his choice between being tried by court-martial and being dealt with by himself. The soldier said that he would rather be punished by Sir Robert. Sir Robert then told him to meet him at a certain chalk-pit. " I shall take a pair of boxing-gloves there in three-quarters of an hour. Mind you are there with gloves on. We shall have a friendly spar."

The black sheep of the regiment, who at an earlier stage of his career had been dismissed from the Army for striking an officer, duly appeared in the chalk-pit in his boxing-gloves. He was soon joined by the forty-seven-year-old Colonel—his senior by about twenty-two years—and to his alarm he heard the Colonel saying : " Take off the gloves. I am going to give you the biggest hiding of your life." If the soldier looked scared, however, it is clear from the narrative that this must be imputed, not to fear of what the Colonel was going to do to him, but to fear of what he, in the course of the combat, might have to do to the Colonel. " You don't know what you are taking on, sir," he warned him in the most feeling fashion. But the Colonel stoutly replied : " I shall half kill you." In the mind's eye, one can see his teeth glittering.

Colonel and private then stripped to the waist. " He went for my face," Sir Robert told the *Evening Standard* correspondent, " intending to make a pretty picture of it—and I don't blame him under the circumstances. I concentrated on his wind." Apparently, the private had chosen the better part on which to concentrate, for " finally," as the Colonel enthusiastically relates, " he brought across a beautiful blow that struck me on the jaw, and I knew no more." This was a knock-out blow, however, not only for the Colonel, but for the private. Whether the latter feared he had killed the Colonel or not, he helped to bring him round, and, when the Colonel recovered consciousness, he heard the blessed words being murmured into his ear : " It's all right now, sir. You won't have any more trouble with me. You shall see—I'll soldier properly." According to another authority, the winner also said : " What will you tell them, sir ? Those marks on your face. . . . Tell them you fell off your pony."

The sequel, it must be agreed, was inspiring. The private became a new man and rose to be a sergeant, and, after the war, got a good job in the City, where the Colonel met him one day and had a friendly chat about old times. " Which proves, as I say," comments Sir Robert, " that with certain men the only cure is to give them a good hiding—if you can."

It is an attractive story, but it hardly establishes the truth of the gospel of the good hiding. After all, it was not the Colonel who gave the private a good hiding, but the other way about. For all the effect the Colonel's blows seem to have had on the private, he might as well have behaved like an early Christian and turned the other cheek. It seems to me that the private must have been fundamentally soft-hearted and that he was converted, not by any punishment he received, but by remorse at having knocked a middle-aged man senseless. It is easy to imagine a less sensitive man going back to his comrades and describing the affair as the best bit of fun he had ever had in his life. It is also easy to imagine the others becoming jealous and each of them planning some way of breaking the law and so getting a chance of a fight with the Colonel. In such circumstances knocking out the Colonel might become a popular regimental sport. One black sheep would report gleefully that he had given the Colonel a thick ear, another that he had left him unable to see out of one eye, and another that he had knocked two front teeth out. By the time the Colonel had got through even a company of his men, he would be lying in hospital, a man of as many wounds and contusions as Don Quixote. For Don Quixote was one of the earliest and the best practitioners of the gospel of the good hiding and with him, alas ! the gospel always somehow worked out contrariwise.

The chief flaw in Sir Robert's argument, indeed, is that he does not make it clear how far a virtuous man who wishes to

give a bad character a good hiding should be certain of success before making the attempt. Ought he to take an even chance of getting a good hiding himself, or ought he to go still further and take on black sheep who are perfectly certain, in the sporting phrase, to knock his block off? Suppose, for example, that a magistrate wishes to redeem a motor bandit or a smash-and-grab raider. He believes that imprisonment is useless as a means of reformation, and, having read the Colonel's story, decides to follow his example. Unfortunately, he is fat and scant of breath, and knows that in a bare-fist fight he could scarcely stand up to a preparatory schoolboy, much less to a pugilistic smash-and-grabber. Would he have Sir Robert's support if in some really bad case he adjourned the court and invited the prisoner in the dock to go with him to the police station gymnasium and fight the thing out, stripped to the waist? And when the limp, fat form of the magistrate lay supine on the floor, is it certain that the prisoner would stoop over him and mutter into his ear husky promises to lead a better life? It is, I agree, just possible. As I am not a magistrate, I consider that the experiment is, perhaps, worth trying. On the whole, I think, however, that if a good hiding is to be accepted as the perfect cure for law-breaking, it would be better for magistrates to be recruited from the ranks of prize-fighters. I am sure that a burglar would be much more likely to reform after a bout with Carnera than after a bout with me.

When it comes to fisticuffs, it is of the highest importance that it should always be the bad character who gets the good hiding. It was invariably so in the melodramas of the wise nineteenth century. It is so in Kipling's poem, *Mulholland's Contract*, in which the convert on the cattle-boat converts the other bad characters on the ship by sheer physical force:

> I have been smit and bruisèd, as warned would be the case,
> An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scripture says,
> But following that, I knocked him down, an' led him up to Grace.
>
> An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm,
> An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no harm,
> For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

That seems to me the most satisfactory way of practising the gospel of the good hiding. If Kipling's evangelist had always been knocked out by however beautiful a blow, as Sir Robert was in the chalk-pit, it is difficult to believe that converts would have come in in such large numbers. After all, even in profane sport, everybody says: "May the best man win!" and the best man does not look particularly like the best man when he is lying unconscious after a knock-out blow.

Apart from this, Sir Robert should have remembered that in fights between officers and privates, officers should always win. They always do in fiction, and the privates seem to prefer it that way. Every reader of *His Private Honour* remembers how proud Ortheris was of having been beaten in the fight with Lieutenant Ouless. "'He come all round me, close fightin', and steady for my heart. I held on all I could—an' split 'is ear, but then I began to hiccup, an' the game was up. I come in to feel if I could throw 'im, an' 'e got me one on the mouth that downed me an'—look 'ere!' Ortheris raised the left corner of his upper lip. An eye-tooth was wanting." That is the proper ending to a story of a fight between an officer and a private. Ortheris himself, though the innocent party in the fight, proudly said of his defeat: "There ain't nothing wrong with Ouless. 'E's a gentleman all over." Compared with this, Sir Robert's story seems a little subversive in tendency. His story would have been truer to the best tradition if the beautiful blow had been delivered, not by the black sheep of the regiment, but by himself. It would also have been more convincing of the value of a good hiding. As it is, we are left in doubt as to whether it does a black sheep more good to be given a good hiding, or to give one. Still, Sir Robert's story of the hider hided has a moral beauty of its own, and does prove more or less that "a man's a man for a' that."

Y. Y.

SONG OF THE ELDER STATESMEN

WITH weary tread
we take the road,
we guide the realm.

With stifled sobs
we lift the load,
we bear the weight,
we keep the helm,
we share the jobs.

What time the mob
like mayflies bask,
enjoy apart
life's festive round,
and pay five bob
in every pound,

A baldhead band,
we breast the wave,
we buoy the Throne.
Without renown,
without rewards,
we steer, and save,
and pass unknown
from hand to hand
the bitter cup.

His crushing charge
when one sets down
on Lethe's marge
or in the Lords',
the others crowd
with heavy groan,
with weary tread,
with shoulders bowed,
and heave it up.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

POLICY AND ORGANISATION

SIR,—Mr. Tom Harrisson is of course right when he says (1) that the voter not interested in politics is important, and (2) that we do not know why he is not interested. Our ignorance is largely due to the fact that Socialist research has been chiefly concentrated upon economic problems and has therefore assumed that most men and women *want* a better standard of life and nothing else. The assumption is of course unjustifiable if it implies that this want will always determine their political decisions. Graham Wallas showed this long ago and I am delighted to think that Tom Harrisson has undertaken to research into the actual problems of behaviour, the pleasures, activities, mythologies and ways of thought of ordinary men and women. Such research should do much to correct the crude assumptions of the politicians, the economists and the social theorists.

But meanwhile we must do something. Since we cannot hope for concrete results from the new social anthropology for some years to come, we must carry on with rule of thumb methods and untested principles. We cannot scrap the present party machine, and wait for Tom Harrisson.

Granted then, that I have no scientific reason for saying so, I shall assert that

(1) The present lack of interest in politics is caused either by the feeling that things are fairly all right or by the feeling that no party can put them right.

(2) That Labour's real chance will come with the slump.

(3) That our job to-day is to build up a party out of the minority of politically conscious electors, which will be capable of taking full advantage of the slump when it comes.

Mr. Catlin is right in saying that a clear-cut simple policy is

essential to this purpose. The short-term programme is there; our job is to clothe its naked bones with the living flesh of day-to-day issues, and this can only be done by relating it to the actual lives and interests of actual people. Tom Harrisson's research should help us to do this. Mr. Strauss, however, suggests that Transport House prevents us taking action. I cannot understand this agonised awareness of the all-pervading strangling influence of the central organisation. My criticism of Transport House is that it does not do too much, but too little, and that local parties are often left to feel that they are fighting a lone battle without any assistance from the centre. And yet Mr. Strauss complains that it is the existence of Transport House which makes our task hopeless.

Surely this is complete nonsense. If you really want to do some work in your constituency, Transport House won't stop you winning Municipals or working up your local party. Of course, if you don't want to do any work you can always give the self-damning excuse that without the Communists you are powerless, and go round saying the Labour Party is hopeless. This seems at the moment to be the chief activity of some Socialists. And it is partly because so many party-members are behaving in this way, that I believe in Communist affiliation. If the present cause of disgruntlement were removed, it would be interesting to see whether our professional critics would settle down to work for the party. I hope and believe that they would, but I suspect that a few of them within a year would have found another stumbling block to prevent their delicate consciences from collaborating in the work of winning power. Minority-mindedness is a habit which it is difficult to discard.

In short, whether the Communists are inside or outside the Party is not the vital issue to-day. Bring them in, and you still won't have a united working-class movement, while millions of working class people are apathetic or positively Tory. Our main difficulty is not Transport House *or* Harry Pollitt, but our own unwillingness to face the real task of building the Party up in our own constituencies. We are so obsessed with minor domestic squabbles that we have no time for straightforward work.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A FAMILY AFFAIR

SIR,—As THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is often used as a work of reference, Dr. W. B. Sutch's letter disagreeing with my article entitled "A Family Affair," in your issue of May 29th, calls for some slight correction.

I stated quite shortly in my article that the New Zealand Government imposed an embargo on imports of Australian citrus fruits in 1932, "ostensibly because of the risk of introducing certain plant diseases into the Dominion, but actually *to retaliate against the Commonwealth*." To spare your readers interminable details of a situation that would be uproariously funny if it were not essentially unimportant, I quickly drew my conclusions, and passed on to other matters.

Since, however, Dr. Sutch has gone to considerable pains to demonstrate that I was wrong in that initial assertion, apparently with the idea of proving that New Zealand's part in the embargo business was that of an injured innocent, I feel that I cannot do better than place before your readers the following editorial quotation from the *Christchurch Press*, of May 12th, 1936:

> In 1932 the New Zealand Government imposed an embargo on imports of citrus fruits from Australia, ostensibly because of the risk of introducing certain plant diseases and actually as a retaliatory measure against the Australian embargo on New Zealand potatoes. From that time to this a petty trade war has been waged between the two Governments, profitable only to a small handful of growers and very expensive to consumers. Citrus fruits have remained dear and scarce in New Zealand; and in Australia potatoes have from time to time been sold at nearly double the prices ruling in New Zealand. Since oranges and potatoes are important items of diet, it is in the interests of the great majority of Australians and New Zealanders that the embargoes should be removed. And it is difficult to understand why they have not been removed long ago. *The argument that free exchange of oranges and potatoes would involve a spread of plant diseases, never very convincing, was disposed of finally at a conference in Canberra in 1934 between Australian and New Zealand experts.*

The italics are mine. The *Christchurch Press* is acknowledged one of the best-informed Conservative organs in the Dominion. I leave the matter at that.

So far as the other points in Dr. Sutch's letter are concerned, I do know that there is a lemon-growing industry in the Dominion (it has the space it merits in my recent book, *New Zealand from Within*); I do not agree that it was absurd for me to argue that because the currencies of Australia and New Zealand are at approximate parity, the Dominion "has lately found it cheap to import from the Commonwealth many manufactures that she used to purchase from Britain, the United States and Canada"; and I fail to see that it was misleading to state that mutual tariff walls exist between Australia and New Zealand when these tariff walls do in fact exist.

As for "the inferiority complex" which Dr. Sutch naively bestows upon the world, I give him his point. But that a peculiar brand of inferiority complex does exist in New Zealand is surely proved by Dr. Sutch's careful letter alone.

4 Chepstow Villas, DONALD COWIE
London, W.11.

THE GEORGIAN GROUP

SIR,—While thanking "Critic" for his cordial reference to the newly formed "Georgian Group," in the last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I should like to be allowed to dissociate myself from his, as I think, very unfair observations about our parent body.

During the sixty years or so of its existence the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has always been "overworked and underpaid"—underpaid in the sense of being inadequately supported, financially, by the public. It has had a mass of highly technical and most important work cast upon it and the scope of its operations is not even limited to the British Isles. The object of the "Georgian Group" is merely to relieve it of one part of its numerous burdens by calling in enthusiasts and specialists to take charge of a particular period. The extent of the "apathy" displayed by a Society, which enjoys universal respect, towards Georgian architecture, may be judged by the fact that it has not only warmly welcomed the proposal made to it some months ago by Lord Derwent and myself, to form a Georgian Group, but has, from its own membership, found for our Committee a number of experts on the Georgian period whose authority in architectural matters is indisputable.

Numerous individuals have written to the press during the past few years, myself among them, in protest against the disgraceful attacks which have been tolerated, since the passing of the Town and Country Planning Bill of 1932, on the essential character of London, which the Danish architect, Steen Eiler Rasmussen, has recently so well explained and illustrated. But individual explosions carry no weight and, as the saying is, cut no ice. The "Georgian Group" could not hope to prove effective without the prestige of its parent body, without the enthusiasm of Lord Esher, Chairman of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and without the generous co-operation of Mr. William Palmer, himself a Georgian expert, who has succeeded the late Mr. A. R. Powys as Secretary of the Society.

48 Tregunter Road, S.W.10. DOUGLAS GOLDRING
(Secretary, Georgian Group)

THE RIVAL LEFT-BOOK CLUB

SIR,—Readers of a recent controversy in your correspondence columns will doubtless be interested in a new project that is in contemplation for the formation of an association of book readers which will have for its main purpose the provision at cheap rates of the best books likely to make a special appeal to those associated with all sections of the Labour Movement.

The following are associated with the initiation of the plan: Messrs. Fenner Brockway, W. T. Colyer, W. Elger, E. C. Fairchild, Ernest Fernyhough, John Goldie, G. Maurice Hann, J. F. Horrabin, A. Creech Jones, M.P., J. P. M. Millar, John Parker, M.P., Reginald Reynolds, S. Sydney Silverman, M.P., Frank Stoneham.

The main concern of those launching the scheme is the avoidance of anything in the nature of censorship of books likely to make an appeal to the various sections of opinion that may be described as Left, and to provide the advantages of organised demand without tying up such an organised demand to any single publisher and thus favouring the development of a publishing monopoly that we believe must be detrimental both to readers and authors.

The proposed association will organise bulk buying and hopes to be able to select the best books from all publishers willing to co-operate and thus give readers important books at co-operative rates.

In addition to the fact that it will not be attached to any one publisher, the association will have the further advantage that it

will not be tied to any single political policy. It is also intended, if it is found to be practicable without damaging the value of the scheme as a medium of co-operative purchase, that members shall be taken into consultation as to books to be issued by the association.

It is anticipated that it will be practicable to issue books at 2*s*. 6*d*. per volume.

I shall be glad if those who are interested in the proposal, and would like to receive further information as it develops, will write to me. J. ALLEN SKINNER

19 Milton Chambers,
128 Cheyne Walk, London, S.W.10.

SCOTTISH AMBULANCES IN SPAIN

SIR,—It is nearly a month since my last letter to the press. In it I said that in the Madrid Sector and within a radius of 15 to 30 miles fighting consisted chiefly of bombardments resulting in the killing and wounding of many non-combatants and the wrecking of their houses, particularly in the poorest quarters. But the letter had scarcely appeared when all that was changed. The Ambulances of the Scottish Unit were hastily summoned to the neighbourhood of Toledo, some 48 miles distant, where they encountered the most severe bombing and machine-gunning suffered since their arrival in Spain, and this, be it noted, in spite of red crosses being painted boldly on the top and sides of every Ambulance, those on the top covering practically the entire roof.

When the shrapnel and bullets seemed to foretell the complete destruction of the vehicles, the whole personnel took cover in crude dugouts which had been prepared by the men themselves on their arrival. One bomb fell within 10 yards, the shrapnel from it hitting the parapet wall, and machine-gun bullets spattered all round, but fortunately, indeed miraculously, no one was hit. Certain newspapers reported that three of the Ambulances had been completely smashed, but bad as the damage looked, it was not past repair. The whole convoy was able to make its way back to Madrid where they received a hero-welcome, and most of the damage has since been made good.

Obviously there is no early settlement in sight, so I am compelled to appeal once more to the many friends who have so steadfastly helped the Scottish Unit again and again to carry on its good work since September last; and may I add the hope that they will be joined by newcomers who cannot but be touched by the terrible sufferings of the people of Spain. The actual combatants are fairly well looked after by the military authorities on both sides, but the condition of the non-combatants and especially of the women and children in the poorest quarters is simply deplorable.

Subscriptions sent to Miss Riffkin, the Unit Secretary, 5 Cleveden Road, Glasgow, will be gratefully acknowledged, and the work, being purely humanitarian, may confidently be supported by all men and women of goodwill irrespective of politics or party.

Glasgow. D. M. STEVENSON
(Chairman, Scottish Ambulances).

NON-MENACING DEFENCE

SIR,—Mr. Jonathan Griffin is too half-hearted in his defence of the anti-aircraft gun. He states: "In 1915–18 anti-aircraft guns did play some part (though a small one) in frustrating the raids on London." He will find, if he investigates the subject, that anti-aircraft guns played by far the major part in the defeat of the air raiders. Nearly twice as many attacking aircraft were shot down by anti-aircraft guns as were shot down by defending aeroplanes. Of the thirty-three aeroplanes that came overland on the last great air raid, that of May 19th, 1918, I believe only a half-dozen or so were not turned away by the barrage—so clumsy a weapon had so great a deterrent effect. The defence of Paris had greater success still. It depended almost exclusively on anti-aircraft guns (see Major-General E. B. Ashmore's book, *Air Defence*), yet in 1918, of the total of 550 aircraft that attacked (on 37 different occasions) only 38 passed the barrage, and of these 13 were shot down. Accurate statistics relating to anti-aircraft gunnery are hard to find. I have, however, found a footnote in Volume IV of the "Official History of the War Series—'The War in the Air,'" to the effect that between March 21st and 31st, 1918, the four batteries (eight, 16 or 32 guns?) attached to the 5th Army, shot down 20 aeroplanes and damaged 12 others. Since the anti-aircraft gun costs a lot less to operate than an aeroplane, it is clear that had anti-aircraft guns been multiplied as aircraft were multiplied (in 1918 the R.F.C. had a personnel of over 200,000, and over 3,000 aircraft in service) the air forces on the Western Front would have wasted away far faster than they could have been replaced.

All that was before even the most primitive system of fire control was introduced. Major-General E. B. Ashmore in his book, *Air Defence*, quotes impressive figures to show how the invention of the Vickers' "Predictor" instrument increased accuracy of practice fire between 1924 and 1927. He states that subsequent to this, the introduction of "Case III" (whatever that may be) gave results "of a higher order of accuracy altogether." In 1927, 14.4 per cent. of shots fired "had a reasonable chance of damaging the target."

What developments there have been since 1927 it is not easy to discover. To what extent modern equipment is being used in Spain, manned by fully trained personnel, is unknown. I notice however, in the *Daily Telegraph* that of five rebel aircraft that attacked Port Mahon in Minorca recently, four were shot down by gunfire. Port Mahon is one of the bases in the Balearic Islands that were equipped with modern weapons before Franco's revolt broke out. J. T. DAVIS

MOWING

SIR,—I have been following with interest the correspondence in your columns on the subject of mowing. I am afraid that my own experience in the matter must place me among the defeatists. Some years ago, when living at Paycocks, Coggeshall, my wife asked me to take a scythe and mow what was called the lawn, a piece of ground almost as stubborn as "Critic's" meadow. She assured me that it was quite an easy task, but after about an hour I threw down the scythe and retired to bed with excruciating sciatica or lumbago. The local doctor had to be called in, but found me to be immovable; morphia had to be administered, and after a week or so I was able with considerable pain to get up to London. There I consulted some kind of specialist, who ultimately committed suicide. My wife then took me to Harrogate, and after a week of strenuous treatment I was able to crawl about.

Eventually I recovered, but the mowing of that small plot of grass must have cost us between £30 and £40. Since then we have always employed hired labour. CONRAD NOEL

The Vicarage, Thaxted.

PLATO AND SOVIET DEMOCRACY

SIR,—The new Soviet Constitution was hailed by social democrats in this country as evidence of a more tolerant spirit in the U.S.S.R. A recent experience causes me to fear that they were mistaken. At a meeting of a Left Book Club group I asked the author of *Soviet Democracy* whether the Russian conception of the freedom of the press would permit a philosopher to write in defence of Platonist idealism. "Certainly not," replied Mr. Sloan. I made it clear that my hypothetical philosopher was loyal to the Soviet regime and was in complete agreement with the economics of Communism, disagreeing only with the metaphysics of Marxism. Mr. Sloan seemed to doubt that such a being could exist, and said that in any case the Soviet authorities were quite right when they banned so reactionary a thinker as Plato from the public press. I was left with the impression that Mr. Sloan (and, apparently, the Soviet authorities) regard Dialectical Materialism as being scientifically demonstrated—the Truth, with a capital "T," and all other forms of thought, however academic, as dangerous, heretical and altogether damnable. I suggested that the Soviet attitude to intellectual speculation was similar to that of the Inquisition, and Mr. Sloan left me thinking that he agreed with me.

5 Highfield Lodge, GORDON H. SEWELL
Highfield Lane, Southampton.

JOHN CORNFORD

SIR,—I am editing a memorial volume to John Cornford, and should be most grateful to any of your readers who have letters or other writings of his—either unpublished or published.

22 St. Georges Mansions, PAT SLOAN
Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

A HOLIDAY PROPOSAL

SIR,—Many people who, for obvious reasons, are looking for a quiet, primitive seaside place for their summer holidays are finding such a place extremely difficult to discover. If they do discover it they can never be sure that in the more or less com-

pulsory familiarity which small numbers naturally breed, they will not be forced into contact with uncongenial people: and even the most militant flee opposition during the annual holiday.

Before the complete coast has been "developed" it would be a relief to know that at least one short stretch has been built on sanely and limitedly and is protected against expansion schemes. If one could be sure of meeting congenial people as well as living in congenial surroundings it would be better still.

A levy of half a crown a head on NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers would be sufficient to form the beginnings of a New Statesman resort. Such a scheme is impractical, but there are doubtless a dozen or so of many thousand regular readers who would be willing to finance the construction of a haven apiece if they knew that they would eventually get their money back on letting and would have the haven to retreat to themselves. If in addition other interested readers subscribed a certain sum for the construction of other buildings, to be available at the outset, say, one to each group of fifty, the actual tenant to be decided by lot if there were competition for dates, planning could begin.

It is not however necessary to confine the scheme to NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers. If a discriminate selection of progressive organs and societies were willing to give publicity to the scheme similar arrangements could be made for their readers and members. If then a start were made with building, and rentals were fixed at an agreed level (which would probably be considerably lower than that at most seaside resorts), the place could expand to its planned capacity on its own impetus.

If sufficient support and publicity can be found for this idea it is proposed to take a large house for the summer where those who have a practical interest or contemplate taking part in the scheme can come for their holiday and discuss details.

We should be grateful if anyone who is interested would send us his name and address on a card together with brief details as to his possible practical contribution and any other remarks.

The Lyndale School, H. D. WILLCOCK
67 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.

A FORGED LETTER

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Norton for his information regarding the famous "Proud Prelate letter." I was aware that no trace of the original of this letter has been discovered, but as so eminent an Elizabethan scholar as Dr. Harrison included it in his letters of Elizabeth, and as it appears in Strickland's life, I allowed myself the very doubtful liberty of including it. Incidentally, I was also unable to trace the original of the remarkable Caroline Mathilde letter, which may be spurious too. HERBERT VAN THAL

THE DUCAL WEDDING

SIR,—Your comment, written before the actual wedding ceremony of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, was premature in saying that the "respectable" papers had refused them a word of good wishes and congratulation. The *Daily Telegraph* and *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, did manage to get in a word at the last moment. The *Times* is not the only respectable paper.

A. B.

Miscellany

SHARECROPPERS

MY chief criticism of the *March of Time's* documentary film, to be seen next week at the Tatler, is that it deals with the condition of the cotton worker in the South without explaining the peculiar economic status of the sharecropper, and therefore does not explain why his poverty is different and in some respects worse than other forms of poverty. But it is an excellent picture, moving, honest and fair. It shows that the economic failure of the unscientifically produced cotton in the South means that few of the planters now do well, while the cotton labourer and the share cropper have been reduced to an almost incredible degradation. It shows a few thousand of them (there are about nine millions of them altogether, of whom 60 per cent. are white and the rest negroes) organising in a union and the planters trying to suppress it with the crudest forms of personal violence, not stopping short at murder. There is a picture of a man and woman arriving to investigate and being taken to the woods and flogged by the planter's agents. All this is quite true—only the reality, if you see it, is much worse than even this very honest film suggests.

The interior shots of sharecroppers' hu s were very real to me. It was in last March, when the floods were still out, that I spent a day going through the sixty miles of sharecroppers' country in Arkansas. Many of their huts—rough wooden shanties—seemed on the point of collapsing into the pools of water that surrounded them. Many of them would have needed mending if they had been hen-houses. They possessed absolutely no amenities of any sort, and one got to the front door by climbing precariously over crazy structures of loose boards piled across one another in the water. I was with a friend who has lived for many years in Arkansas—no sentimental visitor or political agitator, but a hard-headed man who has grown accustomed, but never reconciled, to the sharecroppers' position. He explained to me as we passed these huts just how the system works. The sharecropper owns nothing. If a planter takes him on to raise a crop, he is put in a hut and provided with what is called a "furnish." He has to borrow everything on credit. He and his family have to live on credit at a local stores, usually kept by a man who is dependent for his living on the planter's goodwill. There he gets bread and corn and molasses and not very much else. He first sees money when he is paid a minute wage for picking the cotton that he planted. He is told by his employer at the end of the year how much money he is entitled to. Theoretically he gets half the profits of the crop, but as he has had to hire on credit his hut and the few bits of broken furniture in it, the family's food (at the price dictated to him) the seed for sowing and his tools and animals for working the land, he is commonly told by the planter that when the few dollars he has made by picking are deducted from the profits there is no surplus at all left for him, or, even, that he is in debt on his year's labour. He moves on the next year to another hut or another farm and the process begins again. He and his wife and children are without money, without any kind of freedom, without the right to bargain or to stand up for themselves. They have no education and effectively no rights. They live in conditions of animal poverty. They are sometimes biologically and always economically the descendants of the slaves, and their treatment and standard of living is often actually worse than the treatment and standard of living of slaves used to be. For the number of really brutal slave-owners was not large and the present plantation owner has no particular financial interest in keeping the sharecropper or the cotton labourer alive. There are always more to be had without paying for them.

The first hut I went into belonged not to a sharecropper, but to a white "renter"—a stage higher in the social hierarchy. The difference between the two is that a "renter" owns his own plough and team. This renter, who gave the impression of a quite intelligent farmer who under different conditions might have been doing well, explained that he was this year in a great difficulty. The floods, which came every year, were unusually bad. It was getting late for ploughing and sowing, and he was not sure of being able to raise a crop. If he planted but got no crop, he would owe the money for the seed he had had to borrow, and then—"Then what?" I asked. "Then," he said, "I shall be a sharecropper." That clearly represented the end of everything to him.

Shortly afterwards I was in the hut of a sharecropper, also a white man. We had called at several and been told that someone or other in the house was sick. At this hut we learned that the father was ill, but we went in all the same. There was only one usable piece of furniture—a double bed, in which the sharecropper himself was lying obviously desperately ill, and, I think, dying of pneumonia. Round him were standing his

wife and four children. It was a cold day, but I doubt if any of them had anything on except what we could see. The stove was alight and we asked about medicine and food. The woman in a listless voice said that a doctor had been from the town, and that they had one meal, which had been provided by the Red Cross, and that that was cooking on the stove. A more abject state of helplessness it would be impossible to imagine. Around these people there was nothing but a waste of mud and water. The man was dying and the children were watching, and that was the whole of life. As we got back into the car outside, my host said to me: "Well, you have seen a typical sharecropper's house, but those people were a little better off than most sharecroppers because there were blankets on the man's bed."

I asked whether the sharecroppers would stand this kind of thing for ever. I learnt that there were some reasons to hope for change. There are, first, small but brave and successful efforts to organise co-operatively. Some time I shall have more to say about Sherwood Eddy's co-operative work, described in his pamphlet, *A Door of Opportunity*. But all organisation, as the *March of Time* film makes clear, is desperately difficult. The plantations are policed by armed guards, and sharecroppers have been beaten up or killed for such offences as asking to see the books which would reveal the amount of money they have earned and which is being stolen from them. In case this should sound a prejudiced statement, I hasten to add, and the *March of Time* film confirms me from the lips of a Government spokesman in Washington, that the money lavishly given by the Roosevelt administration for the help of sharecroppers has been, in about 50 per cent. of the cases, retained by the planters. Most of the land in the Arkansas district that I visited was owned by great corporations, whose shareholders probably know nothing of the conditions in which their money is made. But it is their agents who beat up journalists or humanitarians whom they call "outside agitators coming in to make trouble"; it was these agents, for instance, who called at midnight with sticks and revolvers not long ago, with the object of lynching a small-town lawyer, whose only crime was to announce his intention of defending in the law courts some sharecroppers who had been illegally evicted from their huts. Eviction and beating have been the usual weapons used against sharecroppers who have attempted to organise. Yet there is now a Tenant Farmers' organisation of some twenty-five thousand sharecroppers. The planters are terrified of it because it contains both black men and white. It must be remembered that this appalling system of producing cotton is the result of freeing the slaves three-quarters of a century ago, without any thought of what was to be done for the cotton industry or for the men who were freed. The result of this unregulated freedom in a period when one crop-cotton in the Southern States can no longer hold its own has been that millions of whites have been degraded to the conditions of slavery and that gradually in the labour field racial antagonism is breaking down before the facts of common poverty. The administration under the New Deal is really alive to the ghastly conditions of the cotton belt; Mr. Wallace at the Department of Agriculture would, if he could, put into practice the proposals contained in the report of the recent Committee of Inquiry. These proposals would make it possible for sharecroppers gradually to acquire their own land and provide quite new conditions of self-respect among the cotton workers. Mr. Roosevelt has pronounced himself in favour of these proposals, but informed opinion at Washington hardly thinks that so advanced a scheme can find its way to the Statute Book under his presidency.

After leaving Memphis I fell into talk with an American cotton merchant and began boldly to talk about my impressions of the sharecroppers. There were other men present; some of them may have been planters. Anyway, he said very little until it was time for us to go different ways. Then abruptly and vehemently, as if it had long been pent up inside him, he said: "I dislike everything that Roosevelt is doing and has done so far, but I know the position of the sharecropper, and I tell you this. If Roosevelt succeeds in doing something to change the conditions of the sharecropper, that will more than make up, in my opinion, for every other crime he could commit." And he turned away as if he had said too much. Opinion does move, slowly.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

SALUD Y PESETAS

"SALUD y Pesetas," "health and riches" is an old Spanish greeting. Like everything else in Spain it is to-day split into two hostile halves—"Salud" is the password of the proletariat and of the peasantry fighting on the Popular Front for a happier, healthier society, while "Pesetas" are the palladium of a ruling class fighting for the prescriptive privileges of private property. For this civil war is not only for a decision as between dictatorship and democracy. It has to determine whether the welfare of the many or the wealth of the few is to be the ruling consideration, and whether the old propertied and privileged interests or the new proletarian institutions are to be the new ruling class. To make any guess as to which of these will win in Spain, it is useful to check observation from academic altitudes by occasionally getting an ear down to the ground.

Such a listening post has been this village. Just behind the Motril-Mulhacen front in the wild mountains of the Alpujarras it was chosen by the University Unit as a good centre for a hospital to which to bring down wounded, frost-bitten and disabled militia from the mountain guerilla, sometimes as much as three hours away by mule-litter. At first sight the village was only rather more dirty and dilapidated than such a poverty-stricken pueblo usually is, but underneath "salud" was dominant and "pesetas" down. The whole population lived rent free and was rationed—receiving a meal from the communal kitchen with bread, sometimes wine and sometimes oranges, etc., according to supplies. It was all recruited either for war or work—not for wages. And did they like it? The young men mostly did—the older women almost without exception didn't. The children clearly did, for they got better food and more fun—very irregular cavalry galloping through the streets, lorry loads of militia roaring along the high road, the bark of mountain guns and the snarl of machine-guns in the hills and occasionally picnics in the caves when there was a scare that the Moors were coming. The aged clearly didn't do so well. The old woman we found on a high pass, weeping beside an aged and dying horse foundered under a broken cart, might have served as a symbol of an age that was dying. The age that was coming to be—as yet in its 'teens—had gone to get help from a government lorry.

The same civil war between "salud" and "pesetas" was at work in the mind of each man and woman. For example, there was the commandant, a young professional officer of the better class and of some education, loyal to the new regime and leading very competently his very rough, but very ready, brigade against the disciplined Germans and Italians and the dashing "Requetes." But did he like it? He did not. All grades save the highest and lowest had been abolished, so how could there be any proper promotion or pay. The fighting of his militia, first against the militarist mutineers, then against the Moors and now against the German and Italian contingents was magnificent, but it wasn't war. Men alone could not win against money. A restoration of the *status quo ante bellum* was the best that could be hoped for by all professional men like himself. He didn't believe in principle, but—oh!—he did in interest.

Then there was another type, that of the young doctor, an intellectual and an idealist. Taken prisoner last autumn, stood against a wall and shot with thirty others, he was only knocked out by a head wound and coming to at night crawled from under the heap of dead and got away. He is all for a Brave New World—but it is a world of his own—a sane and sanitary world—a world of "salud" but a world also of "pesetas." Of pesetas not in cash but in credit—a government

of doctors, for doctors, by doctors. The Capitalist is to be replaced by the Commissar, and the Scientist with his munitions is to be sovereign instead of servant. "Salud" no doubt there would be. But there, too, would be "pesetas" in the insidious form of personal power over the bodies and souls of others.

Last, but not least—there, in the hospital kitchen, was Emilia. After the "Pancho Villa" battalion of Malaga "reds" had raided the village last July and expressed their idea of "salud" by wrecking the water-closets in the better-class houses, there descended from Granada a gang of "blue" "Requetes" to re-establish the divine right of the "peseta" by shooting the more politically active of the villagers. Among them was Emilia's husband and now that the village is "red" again—in her quality of war widow she has been given the honourable and comfortable post of hospital kitchenmaid. Does she like it? She does not. A handsome woman of marked personality her mind is a little below the angels and a little above the animals. Her ideas are those of an aborigine and her idiom the worst dialect of the Alpujarras. But one thing is clear, she does not hold with all these goings-on. Not because they have killed her husband, decimated and half demolished the village, brought back the Moors and driven out the priest—but because she isn't paid any wages.

"Why do you want wages, Emilia?" I asked. "You live rent free and the Alcalde has your house repaired. You have rations free and more than you ever ate before, your work here is easier and more amusing than when you were a washer-woman." "Yes," Emilia agreed that was so. "Then isn't 'salud' better than 'pesetas'?" I asked. To which she replied, "Salud *is* pesetas." So that was that. If Emilia is right, then Tweedledum will win once again. And if she is wrong and is on this matter on the side of the animals rather than the angels—then it will be the turn of Tweedledee. But, like many wiser people, she is, I think, wrong.

British Universities Field Hospital, Cordova Front. GEORGE YOUNG

NO EQUIVOCATION

Cézanne, at the Lefèvre

THERE is hardly a picture among the nine hundred odd oil paintings of Cézanne that does not embody an amazing discovery of possibilities inherent in appearances. Cézanne's colour is ever varied and inimitable. His handling has a beauty that alone would make a minor artist's reputation. But these lovely qualities, though they add to his popularity and doubtless increase the sale of his pictures in reproduction, do not account for the look of hard and unrelenting authenticity that distinguishes his work from that of lesser men. It is Cézanne's peculiar determination to pin down his sensation, and the exactness and intensity of notation resulting from this, that make Cézanne pre-eminent among the painters of the French Nineteenth Century Renaissance. It is the utter conclusiveness of his statements that gives force to the claim Mr. Clive Bell made years ago that Cézanne was the peer of Giotto, one of the greatest masters of the European tradition. In a Cézanne there can be no question of juggling with the elements of design, no possibility of glossing over difficulties, no equivocation. With Cézanne integrity was the thing, and integrity never allowed him to become fixed at any one point in his development, but sent him onward toward new discoveries of technique, new realisations of the motive. His last phase has the mastery of the late Beethoven, and retains still an incredibly youthful freshness.

As it happens this exhibition includes what is generally supposed to be the last oil painting by Cézanne. *Le Cabanon de Jourdan* has never been exhibited in London before, though those who have seen M. Georges Rivière's book on Cézanne will remember a coloured reproduction of it there. The reproduction is in fact recognisable, but it gives no impression at all of the extraordinary force of this picture. To the left the little house—a brilliant orange, the sky above it violent blue but composed of what at first appear to be unrelated patches of tone, the right hand side of the picture is made up of a glowing Persian carpet of colours, lilac, green and blue, defiantly interwoven. The first effect is dynamic, astonishing—like the *scherzo* of the Ninth Symphony; and one can well imagine someone who had come looking only for decorative charm, horrified by the violent complementary colours, even thinking it positively hideous. Yet, when one has looked for a few minutes, when the eye has become accustomed to the garishness of the blazing day, the whole thing suddenly grows together. The fragments which had seemed as unrelated as the pieces of a well-shuffled jig-saw puzzle, marshall themselves and fit into place, the orange wall recedes, the tangle on the right becomes a pleasant shade and the sky glitters with meridional sun. In apparently throwing over all his technical achievements Cézanne has made a new technical triumph, a realisation on a heightened and more vivid plane than ever before. Another late landscape—Ste Victoire seen from a sandy clearing on one of its wooded western foothills, though it is less staggering, is scarcely less memorable. The pines that from close up seem merely suggested in transparent washes of colour, seen from a few paces back, grow up, take place and frame the triangular peak. This gaunt painting has the serenity of a Claude and the mysteriousness of Giorgione. There are no still lifes on the grand scale, and no large "bathers" but all other phases of Cézanne are represented. Three little paintings in Courbet's fruity impasto show how distinguished a painter Cézanne was before ever he came in contact with Impressionism, while such works as Mr. Maynard Keynes's *Sous-Bois* and the *Ferme* are beyond description lovely. There are thirty-five pictures in all, eighteen of which have not been exhibited here before. This is the best Cézanne show London has ever had, and its effect is overwhelming.

GRAHAM BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Figaro," at Glyndebourne

There are several changes in the production of *Figaro* at Glyndebourne this year. The charming Austrian light soprano, Irene Eisinger, who made her reputation in this country as Despina in the Glyndebourne production of *Cosi fan Tutte* is not quite so well suited to the part of Susanna which she had taken in place of Miss Audrey Mildmay. This is not on account of any shortcomings in her singing or in her acting; indeed she sang her wonderful aria in the last act with greater subtlety and refinement than I have ever heard given to it; but her voice has not quite the right colour for Susanna and her vivid personality is also not exactly in the right psychological key. Willi Domgraf Fassbaender's Figaro is a forceful performance, but is not quite equal to last season's outstanding performance by Mariano Stabile. The new Cherubino of Marita Farell looked the part and sang well, but lacks some of the extreme charm and tenderness of expression which Luise Helletsgruber gave to the part. The ensemble under Fritz Busch was on the same exceptionally high level as before. One of the best features of this excellent production is the handling of the dance in Act III, which is arranged and performed by Niddy Impekoven.

"Der Fliegende Holländer," at Covent Garden

This production of Wagner's early opera is chiefly notable for the really excellent new scenery by Dr. Emil Preetorius. It is a pleasure to be able to praise sincerely the scenery at Covent Garden, but for once the management has succeeded in getting hold of an artist with some imagination and capacity to evolve settings which are practical and both fit and enhance the situation. The arrival of the Flying Dutchman in the fjord in the first act was a notable achievement. It is much the best setting of the opera Covent Garden has ever possessed, although it cannot be said that even Dr. Preetorius has solved the problem of the final transfiguration in the last act. In spite of an exact and painstaking conductor in Fritz Reiner the performance missed fire to some extent. This was partly due to the fact that the part of Senta does not really suit Kirsten Flagstad whose voice is cold and

whose acting is stiff. Also, Herbert Janssen is not a convincing figure as the Dutchman. He sings vaguely and even ingratiatingly with none of the sombre, haunting power essential to this character, if it is to be effective. Ludwig Weber's Daland was the best piece of work of the evening. The men's chorus in the first act was rather ragged, but the women in Act II sang well.

"Yes, My Darling Daughter," at the St. James's

This artless but unvulgar little comedy is American by birth, and has been naturalised by Mr. Rodney Ackland. We cannot help suspecting that it lost much of its flavour when its accent was removed. It contains some embarrassing moments—when, for instance, the daughter reveals her knowledge of her mother's wild oats by reading aloud a poem which they had inspired. The situation is all right, but the poem is what used to be called "shaming." The idea of the play is good: a daughter going off with her chap for a clandestine week-end, a mother torn between consternation and the "advanced" principles which as socialist and suffragette she had not only preached but practised. Masculine conventionality provide most of the fun, because not only the father but the young man show themselves to be profoundly shockable. The characters are credible, but the treatment is inadequate, for the great comic possibilities of the subject have been very languidly explored. Dame Sybil Thorndike did not make the most of her part, and was distressingly fidgety. Miss Jessica Tandy made a delightful daughter, Mr. Evelyn Roberts a fatherly father, and Miss Margaret Bannerman a broadly comic aunt. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, representing a pre-war wild oat, handed us his accustomed charm, but had nothing interesting to do or say. Mr. Alec Clunes played his one good scene excellently. This is only the ghost of a play, but at least it is not nonsense.

"Lovers' Meeting," at the Embassy.

This simple play is very good theatre. There is nothing particularly new about it and its surprises are not very surprising. But the suspense is catching, and when it is over one is pleased to see everything falling into place neatly. A lady in the foyer said it didn't seem to be a proper comedy; it *was* funny in places, of course, but——. Two spontaneous young people in love and a shell-shocked friend of theirs keep a cottage and try to live on paying guests. Two American ladies arrive—one a spinster, the other recently divorced—and become friendly. The divorced one falls in love with the Shell-shocked one, cures and marries him. There is plenty of incidental fun, including a drinking parson and a managing old lady who conspires with herbs to keep the village pure. But the girlish naughtiness of the modern ingénue were a bit sickly. Barry Jones was good as the shell-shocked architect, Gina Malo made a very attractive divorcée, and Marda Vanne made everyone happy as an American business woman with a gift for running whispering campaigns for taffeta underwear. *Lovers' Meeting* will do very well for taking nice people to see, and you would probably enjoy it yourself.

"Mister Flow," at the Curzon

The management of the Curzon Cinema, in classing this film as hot-weather entertainment, has described the hot-weather audience. They must sit cool as cucumbers (because this is a very comfortable cinema) while international crooks and their mistresses do whatever they elect to do. Above all such an audience must not think. *Mister Flow* begins in a heat-wave; it soon starts to be puzzling; it is never clear who is robbing whom, or why, or what it is that prevents the characters from behaving in a more ordinary way. Anyone who tries to think it out will end with a headache. For enjoyment a happy daze is necessary, which only the good nature and superficial wit of the performers can penetrate. For those who stay awake and persist in thinking, this film's chief charm is in the way it prettily and aptly mocks itself. M. Fernand Gravey falling in love is funnier than Mark Sennett falling in a puddle, and he takes it just as seriously. Till nearly the end Mdlle. Edwige Feuillère seemed to see the joke; when she gives up, the attraction ends, leaving a crook story not serious enough to matter and a comedy slightly marred by a romantic note.

"She Met Him in Paris," at the Carlton

High-spirited comedies have an unfortunate way of leaving one exhausted by their careless gaiety. Exhilaration, like intoxication, takes its toll, and the hangover from a party is not more depressing than that from an evening's entertainment where the jollity has been too subjective. The great and unusual advantage of this new Claudette Colbert film is that it makes practically no demands of the spectator. It is quite amusing, quite witty and often surprisingly shrewd. But the audience is never invited to take part in laughing-eyed love. And it is made quite clear that a gay winter-sporting holiday contains a lot of misery, particularly for those who, though full of tender feelings, are both clumsy on skates and hopelessly inept on skis. Miss Colbert is at her best—very human and appealing. Mr. Robert Young's amiable and rather stupidly selfish characterisation appears once more, though the script writers have given more intelligence than usual to their handling of it. Mr. Mervyn Douglas is successfully funny in his part, and skates really well.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 12th—
Exhibition of Drawings, Paintings and Handcrafts on behalf of Spanish Medical Aid, Whistler's House, Cheyne Walk, 3.
S.C.R. Reunion, Conway Hall, 7. Speakers: Sir Bernard Pares and F. L. Whelen. Dancing. Tickets 2s.

SUNDAY, June 13th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "1837/1937: England, Then and Now," Conway Hall, 11.
Protest against the Fascist Bombing of Innocent People, Trafalgar Square, 3. Speakers: Ellen Wilkinson, Monica Whately, Elisabeth Wilkinson, and others.

MONDAY, June 14th—
"The Road to '37": an Historial Exhibition of the Working Class Struggle from 1760–1937, 1 Doughty Street, 5.30. Till June 26th. Lectures at 6.30 each evening. Speakers include: G. D. H. Cole, R. W. Postgate, H. L. Beales, D. N. Pritt, W. Gallagher and J. F. Horrabin. Particulars from Collet's Bookshop.

TUESDAY, June 15th—
The Ven. W. H. Stewart on "Palestine," Friends House, 1.20.
"Così fan Tutte." Glyndebourne Mozart Festival.
"The Great Romancer," New.
Philadelphia Ballet, Hippodrome.

WEDNESDAY, June 16th—
"Satyr," Shaftesbury.

—isms.

Isn't it worth while paying three sixpences to get these tiresome things taped once and for all? Either as a first introduction or a "refresher," C. E. M. Joad's *Great Philosophies of the World* does its work well—a short account of the world's wisdom, from Heraclitus to Professor Moore, which most people could read with profit.

Can you, for example, say off-hand what Berkeley thought about triangles, or what Bergson's fountain simile is? Can you define, even approximately, empiricism: conceptual realism: neo-realism: representationalism: utilitarianism: monadology?

Spend the price of a cinema seat on Joad's *Great Philosophies of the World* and never be at a loss again.

NELSON
35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ALL of us who can possibly manage it, live in the country, or near a golf links, and run up to town to our work, hoping to come back in time to enjoy the fresh air, or do a little gardening. All round London, for nearly fifty miles, there are bright little places, on gravel soil, or chalk, near pine or beech woods and handy to the electrified railways and the shops. If one can afford a car, one can go a bit further afield and find some really unspoilt place and it's well worth the extra twenty minutes: it makes all the difference between being in a town and being in *real* country. Of course, if one is really tied in London by one's job, one has absolutely got to have a week-end cottage, or bungalow, or caravan. This I think, fairly represents the truth for nineteen out of twenty of my friends. It is the explanation of why for the last fifteen years the towns of England have been spreading at the rate of thirty-one thousand acres a year, and of much else that all of us hate. In *Britain and the Beast*, edited by Clough Williams-Ellis (Dent, 10*s.* 6*d.*), twenty-six writers, including G. M. Trevelyan, Sheila Kaye-Smith, E. M. Forster, J. M. Keynes, and C. E. M. Joad discuss the causes which have led to the spoliation of the English country and suggest remedies. E. M. Forster points out:

> The island stays the same size but the population increases; the means of transport increase, the needs of the fighting services are allowed to increase. Something has to decrease, and it has to be the woods and downs, hedges and birds.

Personally I disagree about the birds—but the sum is otherwise obviously correct. Sheila Kaye-Smith gives an admirably clear account of the process by which the Kentish farms are being rapidly broken up to house a bungalow population which in a few years will suffer from many of the evils of slum conditions. John Moore tells how the Cotswold country has escaped the same fate, because of hunting and shooting. R. M. Lockley (who also thinks rare birds are rapidly decreasing) describes how almost every fishing village on the sea coast has been ruined and the whole coast fringed with bungalow towns. Nothing can stop these changes but the very large decline in population which statisticians predict, but in which I cannot easily believe, or a revolution in public taste which would make life in cities seem attractive and the country dull, and there is not the slightest sign of that.

* * *

Far from that, the faster the English country is being ruined the more rapidly writers turn out books about its vanished beauties. I have been reading through a whole bunch of these books lately which would not either be written or published unless there were a vast public to buy them. *Aspects of England*, by Wilfrid Ewart (Richards, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of essays about the English countryside with a few about London. He likes to write about "the downland race" (of Wiltshire) and of gipsies.

> . . . unwelcome guests, a race apart. Yet Heaven forbid that I should forget Margot and Sampson and Will and little Caryl of the black eyes who met me on the crest of the down. We shared pennies didn't we?

Out of Doors in England, by James Turle (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is full of the praises of butterflies, wild flowers and the first swallow. There are pages about English trees, but the photograph of a *larch* plantation is endorsed with the words: *In groves of pines it singeth songs, like legends, strange to hear.* At the beginning of *Travellers Rest* (Cassell, 8*s.* 6*d.*) Philip Gosse proclaims himself the worst walker in Sussex.

> But gentle reader, Let you and me stroll along together . . . ready on the slightest pretext to stop to admire a flower, to watch a beetle cross the path, to mourn over a dead shrew. . . .

* * *

In England Now, by Mary Ellen Chase (Collins, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is free from sickliness. The author is an American who has been at times a good deal exasperated by the English. The combination of perfect politeness and unruffled inefficiency in English shops upset her and she does not seem to have tried losing her temper, which sometimes works wonders. I am sorry to say her praise of England seems to have less justification than her complaints about our food:

> England, as a nation, has never been given either to the promotion or to the admiration of mediocrity.

As she is a Professor of English Literature at Smith College, I can only suppose that she never bothered to read our newspapers when she was here. Then there are what one may call the guide books, which have a solid basis of fact and only a thin veneer of sentiment. *The Scenic Heritage of England and Wales*, by O. J. R. Howarth (Pitman, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a good, agreeable book, but I cannot imagine wanting to read it in England. If one were feeling frightfully homesick in Japan it would be another story. The first half of *North Country*, by Edmund Vale (Batsford, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is concerned with the industrial and the depressed areas. This is really interesting, though the author's attitude can be judged from the following:

> One of the strangest and most distressing phenomena of modern England is the growth of power of town and county councils.

The second half about the rural North is fair, though it seems odd to call Richmond a "happy blend of modern and mediaeval." I should say that while the old market place is lovely and the position as fine as any in England, it is an eyesore from any of its approaches. *Walking in the Pennines*, by Donald Boyd and Patrick Monkhouse (Maclehose, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a recension of two books published separately. The authors are accurate and stick fairly well to facts. They have also missed some of the best places, so I recommend it unhesitatingly. From its title *The Wayfarer's Companion*, by Arnold Fellows (Oxford, 6*s.*), might be almost anything. Actually it is a first-rate introduction to a study of English Archaeology, Historical Monuments and Architecture. The author writes plainly and clearly as English should be written and it is a delight to read him. He gives a list of all the principal objects of interest in each county, omitting London. I cannot find any mention of those strikingly English figures, The Cerne Giant, the various White Horses and the Wilmington Man. He should also mention bridges and mazes. The serious fault of the book, however, is that it weighs one pound and a half, which is too much for the walker's pocket. It would be worth paying a higher price for an india-paper edition. Another useful book is to be published on June 14th. It is *England under Trust*, by J. Dixon-Scott (Maclehose, 7*s.* 6*d.*), and contains accounts of the principal properties held by the National Trust, many of which are not well known, and all of which are worth visiting. The National Trust can save individual buildings and sometimes large sums can be subscribed to save a wide stretch from the builder. A small piece of ground is not much good, it is in Mr. Williams-Ellis's words a "ticketed specimen of what . . . we have wantonly thrown away." But why should the money be privately subscribed? In *Britain and the Beast*, J. M. Keynes points out what is at the root of the whole of the destruction of the beauty of the country, "the most dreadful heresy perhaps, which has ever gained the ear of a civilised people."

> We have persuaded ourselves that it is positively wicked for the state to spend a halfpenny on non-economic purposes. . . . When a stretch of cliff, a reach of the Thames, a slope of down is scheduled for destruction, it does not occur to the Prime Minister that the obvious remedy is for the State to prohibit the outrage and pay just compensation, if any; that would be uneconomic. . . . So low have we fallen to-day in our conception of the duty and purpose, the honour and glory of the State.

Yet such a way of spending public money would be universally popular with all political parties, with townsmen and countrymen alike. Even the jerry-builder might, as a private citizen, rejoice. According to Keynes it is only prevented by the "sub-human denizens of the Treasury."

DAVID GARNETT

PLINY AND THE CATACOMBS

The Testament of Joad. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Mind in Chains. Edited by C. DAY LEWIS. *Muller.* 5*s.*

There is a certain kind of book that is very typical of our times, and yet remains one of the hardest to write. It is the volume of personal essays, the book of prejudices, of likes and dislikes, and it exercises a strong appeal on the egotistic type of highbrow journalist, publicist, or professor. There are two conditions under which such books will be extremely unsuccessful; when they are the work of cranks, that is to say of people who have let their idiosyncrasies run away with them, and who have made a profession of crying in the wilderness, of plucking tufts of down from their breast to feather their nest, or when such books are not really books, but a collection of articles, often remarkable only for obviousness or urbanity, which is put before the public once again. But Mr. Joad has written a book, in a curious humdrum bouncing prose, which is neither eccentric, urbane, nor obvious, and which has nothing bedside about it, but possesses a real continuity. Also one is very much inclined to agree with every word he says. He gives one a picture of a warm, honest, almost sensual intelligence, extremely liberal, aware and materialistic, able, even determined to play truant to itself at moments, and to go in for animism, mysticism or telepathy, but always "owning up" afterwards and coming wryly back. His book in fact is a manual of what the best type of middle-aged liberal should know, his relation to the authors of *The Mind in Chains* is that of a cultivated Roman essayist, a Pliny perhaps, to the queer folk in the catacombs; he believes in the full life of the Greeks, in the wisdom of the Chinese, and is constantly advocating a mixture of Confucianism, with its practical, conventional ethics, and Taoism or the occasional private rebellion into what he terms "spiritual vagrancy"—he describes himself as a Socialist, he believes in the fundamental decency and rationalism of human beings, his reforms are mostly obtainable by Act of Parliament or, as regards preservation of the countryside, by propaganda. Of the revolutionary spirit of the catacomb dwellers what little share he may have had has become, as he is the first to admit, a streak of mild, middle-aged eccentricity. He is often untidily dressed, is fond of trespassing, making disconcerting remarks, and cheating the railway companies. Further than that he does not think a middle-aged man who wishes to remain happy would go. Of the young he writes:

> To-day, when the sands are running out and their prospects of leisure for enjoyment are fast vanishing, young men show no disposition to make the most of the little that remains. On the contrary, they are serious, puritanical, credulous and seem far more inclined to keep step in the barrack-yard with a million others than to tread the primrose path with one. They are, or so it seems to me, a generation of potential listeners and followers, and if the creed is only unlikely enough, the cause sufficiently forlorn, will sacrifice themselves with uncomplaining ardour. Well, that is their business, not mine. For my part I want to enjoy myself before the end comes, etc.

This is not the author at his best; Mr. Joad is undoubtedly happiest in writing about the contrasting claims of town and country. There are other people who advocate the need for country life, who attack the desecration of it, but few of them have sense enough to perceive also that:

> The creative worker who goes too often into the wilderness is ill-advised. . . . As his loneliness grows upon him he comes to inhabit a private world which has lost any bridge of communication with the public world of common men. How well we know them, those products of the artistic wilderness, in which originality has become eccentricity, and individuality has burgeoned into fad.

But what would the catacomb-dwellers reply to all this? I think, ignoring his humour, they would say: "You are quite right as far as you go—but you don't go very far, only as far as a large income from congenial work will let you. Most of us are unable to choose whether to live in country or town, we can't afford to substitute French for English cooking, to go to Glyndebourne or Paris. You say, 'why, after all, should I spend my life and break my spirit in attempts to conform to a society that seems bent on my own destruction? And so I let my vagrancy have its way, setting aside days of escape in every month when I may make sacrifices on the altar of Lao-Tse.' We have no intention of breaking our spirits ourselves, but it is by changing society, not by occasional table-turning or travelling first on a third-class ticket that we intend to preserve them. Your liberal opinions are a luxury which we cannot afford since we do not possess liberal incomes, and when a reactionary Government demands that you choose between income and opinions, you will not be able to afford them either."

The Mind in Chains is a series of articles by various experts on the position of their subjects under capitalism, and what they would be under Socialism. As most of them are members of the Communist Party I assume Socialism to mean Communism. This is a very important book and the first of its kind to appear; the point is will it on the whole raise the hopes and allay the fears of the intelligentsia? I think it, with one exception, will. That exception is Anthony Blunt's article on Art, which I don't think any painter can read without an apprehensive shudder, its conception of art under Communism not being very different from that obtaining under Fascism. "The easel disappears," the artist becomes a public servant employed to do realistic propaganda, Rivera is a greater artist than Picasso, as well as a happier one. I quote the conclusion:

> If an art is not contributing to the common good, it is bad art, and therefore to talk of *sacrificing* it is incorrect. We in the West may not *like* the painting produced in the Soviet Union, but it does not follow that it is not the right kind of art for the Russians at the present time. The policy of the Soviet Union in matters of art is summed up in Lenin's remarks to Clara Zetkin: "Every artist . . . has a right to create freely according to his ideals, independent of anything. Only, of course, we Communists cannot stand with our hands folded and let chaos develop in any direction it may. We must guide this process according to a plan and form its results."

The artist, in fact, has a right but may not exercise it—and Stalin's guidance is not Lenin's. The essay on religion by T. A. Jackson also closes the catacomb to many of us:

> It is noteworthy, too, that among the communist youth smoking, drinking and eating to excess, as well as idleness and "a frivolous attitude to sexual relations," are all sternly condemned. These things impair efficiency in working at socialist construction and in fighting for the revolution.

But apart from one or two pronouncements like this the essays in this dynamic book are reasonable and far-sighted. Those on music and the theatre have a hard time to relate their subjects to Capitalism and Communism, but make some sort of job of it. Calder-Marshall's boisterous article on the cinema is admirable destructive criticism, his analysis of *Mr. Deeds* is a model. Alistair Browne on *Psychology and Marxism* also produces a good case and no unfair criticism. Charles Madge debunks the B.B.C. and the press, and the essays of Day Lewis and Rickword are convincing and thoughtful. There are two that are better than that, Rex Warner on *Education*, and Upward on *A Marxist Interpretation of Literature*. I quote a point of Warner's: "Capitalism has no further use for culture . . . What capitalism requires now is soldiers." I think the time is coming when most of us who are worth anything are going to be made to feel that we are less and less wanted. But if Communism wants only soldiers, too! Of Upward I know two fine short stories, a Pilgrim's Progress-like fragment of a novel, and a reputation which exceeds them. With this article, I think, he has caught his reputation up. One may agree or disagree, but as writing this is a verbal hand-grenade, a piece of prose in which each word bears exactly the greatest emphasis that is permissible to it, not more and not less, and whose explosion makes the impact of the ordinary essay sound like a biscuit tin full of pebbles. Here is Upward's main thesis:

> What is the standard of value on which the Marxist critic bases his judgment of literature? For the Marxist a good book is one that is true to life. This does not mean that he prefers a photographic naturalism to all other styles of writing: on the contrary, he recognises that only in exceptional historical circumstances can naturalistic writing give a true picture of life—since only in exceptional circumstances, in revelations and in major wars, do fundamental realities come to the surface of life. . . . For the Marxist critic, therefore, a good book is one that is true not merely to a temporarily existing situation, but also to the future conditions which are developing in that situation. The greatest books are those which, sensing the forces of the future beneath the surface of the past or present reality, remain true to reality for the longest period of time. . . . There is much in Shakespeare—his verbal humour, for instance—which no longer has a vital meaning in the modern world, and one can conceive of a time when Macbeth's ambition and Othello's jealousy will seem merely barbarous, but Shakespeare had so deep an understanding of the life of his own time that his work is still largely true for us to-day in a world of class-struggle and crime and war.

This at last shows an awareness, which has been sadly lacking in Marxist criticism, that no amount of argument can make

Hesiod a better poet than Homer. But Upward goes on to argue that :

> A writer to-day who wishes to produce the best work that he is capable of producing, must first of all become a Socialist in his practical life, must go over to the progressive side of the class conflict. . . . He must be told frankly that joining the workers' movement does mean giving less time to imaginative writing, but that unless he joins it his writing will become increasingly false, worthless as literature. Going over to Socialism may prevent him, but failing to go over *must* prevent him from writing a good book.

If this is true it is extremely unpleasant, for many writers do not want to address envelopes and compile pamphlets, with a chance of death at a barricade, in order to produce a good book, and one thinks with regret of John Strachey's much more tolerant plea for "fellow travellers," "writers of merit who are, in the broadest sense of the word, on the right side of the fence." But I don't think it is altogether true; I think that Upward, who obviously has an austere and religious temperament, has advanced the clock a little. Because Communists live already in a state of war and under military discipline it does not follow that such an existence is already essential for all the reserves and technicians, the camp followers even, of the anti-Fascist front. Shaw has been a Socialist for sixty years, Yeats and Eliot never; yet I know whom the Marxians would rather read. Which at the moment is really closer, Fascist war and red revolution or the permanent destruction of London architecture and the English countryside? One is surely three years nearer than the other, and the proletariat of the future, who will care for beauty, will be the losers. Because such a problem doesn't exist in Russia, it is neglected by the English Communist, and that is where Mr. Joad can justify himself. But I shall go on worrying about Upward all the same. And I have a deeper worry; this civilised book, in which writers talk of abolishing competition and helping the State to wither away, is it possessed of authority? If we trust them, will they be allowed their own way? I hate Hitler and Mussolini, I am frightened of them, but that other chief with the long moustaches, who seems to me more and more like some great Roman Emperor—Tiberius perhaps—negotiating with his army, stamping out intrigues and guarding his empire from the Huns and Mongols, can we count on those who count on him?

CYRIL CONNOLLY

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Tunbridge Wells. By MARGARET BARTON. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

Habits of thought and habits of body are closely connected. A people (like the Chinese) whose standard diet tends to induce constipation will naturally evolve a type of culture that is ceremonious, leisurely, introspective: that attaches little value to the passing of centuries, but teaches a resigned acceptance of things as they are. Indeed, it might be argued that, without a certain degree of constipation, the finer shades of thought would never have emerged from mere unthinking animal contentment: since it is constipation that, by slowing up the physical processes, produces a corresponding mental activity and injects the spirit with all those subtle toxins that drive us to literature. Certainly, our ancestors' habit of over-eating and over-drinking, and then doing their best to repair the damage by bleeding, purging and vomiting themselves back to health, may be held responsible for many of their aesthetic achievements. "Le spleen anglais" was the nurse of Romantic poetry; and a state of mind that had its origin in the huge quantities of heavy indigestible food, and the equally large quantities of sherry, port, madeira, consumed by Englishmen of the upper and middle classes, inspired foreign poets to emulate our national gloom. French Romantic verse received its chief impetus from the example of Byron; and Byron's diet and the condition of his intestines are matters of history.

But British intemperance had several other important effects. Thanks to the habit of heroic guzzling, the average Englishman of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries passed his life under the shadow of all kinds of mysterious and disturbing ailments: from which he took refuge (when the doctor, with his clyster-pipe and pill, the barber-surgeon with his lancet and his leeches, were unable to restore his equanimity) at the spas of Bath, Cheltenham and Tunbridge Wells. Here, besides his gout and his gall-stones, he brought the society, manners and amusements to which he was accustomed in London. Bath (during the latter part of the seventeenth century an uncomfortable and unattractive place) gradually became a second summer capital. It epitomised all

London calling!

One of the first things which strike an Englishman travelling abroad is how easily his nationality is spotted by the native. We once remarked on this when in Germany and our host said, "It's your clothes. They are better than anything we can get over here." He added that in his own town one of the leading tailors displayed the sign "English Tailoring."

It is a fact that each year thousands of the male visitors to England make a point of stocking themselves with a plentiful supply of English clothes, because the material and the workmanship are, they say, vastly superior to anything they can get in their own country.

At this time of the year the Gosses make many new customers among visitors from all parts of the world, and they look forward to seeing many old and new customers from abroad this summer.

There are no mystical secrets about Goss tailoring. The two brothers who run the business, aided by Mr. Whitehouse, have a long and thorough experience of first-class tailoring behind them and they continue to do all the measuring, cutting and fitting personally. They have no ambition to see their business grow to such an extent that their tailoring service need be less personal.

For truly comparable tailoring—that is, the best materials and the finest workmanship—many West-End tailors charge several guineas a suit more than Goss.

A Goss lounge suit of the highest grade materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

'Phone: City 7159

that was most elegant in the Augustan universe and still remains a splendid monument to the taste of the age.

Less magnificent was the destiny of Tunbridge Wells. Yet Tunbridge Wells—nowadays a somewhat characterless little suburban town, clinging to the bedraggled outskirts of London—was once a delightful rural watering-place, famed both for the beauty of its surroundings and the distinction of the invalids that it attracted. Its celebrity dated from the visits of Charles II; and Count Anthony Hamilton, who had accompanied the Court to Tunbridge and had taken part in the various unkind practical jokes that they played at the expense of poor Lady Muskerry, chatelaine of the neighbouring Somerhill, pays a particularly endearing tribute to its charm and cleanliness: "Tunbridge," he writes, in the *Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont*, "is the same distance from London as Fontainebleau from Paris, and the rallying-point, when the time comes to take the waters, of all that is fairest and most gallant in both sexes. . . . Accommodation is provided by clean, comfortable little houses, standing apart from one another and scattered over the country within half a league's distance of the Wells. Here, at the place where the Wells are, the visitors gather every morning. This is a spacious avenue, bordered by shady trees under which they stroll while taking the waters. Along one side of it runs a lengthy range of booths, garnished with all kinds of jewellery, laces, stockings and gloves, and at which gambling goes on as at a fair; along the other the market is established, and, as everybody comes to choose and bargain for his own provisions, nothing offensive is ever displayed. But little village-girls, fresh-skinned and yellow-haired, with fair white linen, small straw hats and neat shoes, sell poultry, vegetables, fruit and flowers. . . . When evening falls, each visitor leaves his little palace and repairs to the bowling-green. Here, in the open air, you may, if you will, have dancing upon a lawn softer and of closer web than the finest carpet in the world."

What Miss Edith Sitwell has done for Bath, and Mr. Osbert Sitwell (with Miss Barton's assistance) for Brighton, Miss Barton—unassisted — now does for Tunbridge; and the result is an extremely pleasant, though rambling, book, which can be recommended to all admirers of the eighteenth century. The author's method is genial and discursive. Thus, she may begin to write of Queen Anne and of her son, the unfortunate little Duke of Gloucester; but a reference to the Duke's tutor, Dr. Prat, who "during their stay at Tunbridge Wells . . . decided to vary the usual dreary curriculum of Latin, Mathematics and the Use of the Globes . . . with what he used to refer to as the Study of Fortifications," leads her to a description of the Sussex ironworks (which had presented the Duke with a battery of toy cannon); and she devotes seven interesting paragraphs to a discussion of iron-casting in that part of England, and reminds us that, until the exploitation of the northern coal-mines, Sussex was a miniature Black Country.

I mention this discursion only as an instance of Miss Barton's agreeable knack of wandering away from her subject, then wandering home again, just when we conclude that the main issue has been finally lost to sight. Her book should be enjoyed as we enjoy a portrait-gallery. It includes glimpses of many famous Augustan characters: Colley Cibber, "mean, vain and cruel," tripping with muff and cane in the footsteps of Beau Nash: Dr. Young, melancholy and cadaverous, being accosted by the talkative Elizabeth Montagu: and William Pitt (who suffered from insomnia, melancholia and a disease that had been diagnosed as "suppressed gout") organising a delicious sylvan picnic at which a French horn "breathed music like the unseen genius of the wood." Most remarkable of all is Samuel Richardson. During the summer of 1748, "when every novel reader in England was aghast at Clarissa's betrayal, and was waiting in the utmost anxiety to hear what happened to her afterwards," Richardson was spending a solitary vacation at the waters and "describes himself in the third person . . . 'creeping along the very edge of the walks, getting behind benches; one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place; afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection.'" Such are the miseries of the literary temperament: such the disadvantages—and they beset every *littérateur*—of living at second-hand. While Richardson himself, "too nervous to sit on a horse, too old to dance and too serious-minded to gamble," was pacing furtively beneath the trees, "watching the young ladies with his air of an affectionate headmistress towards the third form girls," hardened rakes were trembling over the sorrows of Clarissa and elderly actor-managers were shedding tears as they learned of her "ruin." That Clarissa should be violated was bad enough: that Richardson intended to kill her was really intolerable: and Colley Cibber voiced the prevailing sentiment. God damn Richardson, he exclaimed, if Clarrisa should die! For his part, he would cease to believe in the Eternal Wisdom.

PETER QUENNELL

£200 in Prizes

offered to *NEW AUTHORS*

BY

JOHN PARADISE
LITERARY AGENTS

Partners: SIR JOHN SQUIRE
J. F. ST. B. BARCLAY

For full particulars apply to:

JOHN PARADISE
86 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.1

NEW NOVELS

Spanish Prelude. By JENNY BALLOU. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
No Pasarán. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Werner Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Nothing is Safe. By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Stranger Wonders. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Of these books, the first concerns itself with Spain before the Civil War, the second with the Civil War itself; the third is a novel about English upper-class divorce, and the last a collection of stories about English travel of a somewhat privileged kind. *Spanish Prelude* is the most important; *Stranger Wonders* is the most amusing. *No Pasarán* will be the most useful for sixth forms, and *Nothing is Safe* the most useful for parents.

Miss Ballou is a nearly tip-top second-class writer. Her book is a hodge-podge in which she switches from personal philosophising to peasant love-affairs, from politics to parables. Her vitality, however, and her genuine apprehension of life make her extremely readable. Perhaps the most interesting part of it all is what she has to say about the appalling intellectual condition of Madrid under Primo de Rivera. Here she is less prone to be fancy, and really gets down to giving one shock after shock. It seems to have been much worse, and less nippy, than Paris after the War. They really were in a stew about Oscar Wilde's epigrams, and "were just about to sing the praises of the dictatorship when Primo de Rivera fell." Ortega y Gasset spent three days discussing whether one should say *El orden del día* or *La orden del día;*

> Ramón Gómez de la Serna, the genial demigod of the vanguardists, read his famous *Greguerías* from the top of a trapeze, as he unwound the roll of Japanese tissue upon which they were written. Full of such fanciful pranks, they were all beyond good and evil, and the cry was back to instinct, away with intelligence.

Industrial Assurance

An Historical & Critical Study

By

Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P.

and

Professor Hermann Levy

21/- net

The Problem of International Investment

A Report by a Study Group of Members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs

18/- net

Leadership in a Free Society

By T. N. Whitehead

10/6 net

". . There is no doubt that he has contributed something significant to our sociological understanding. . ."

Times Literary Supplement

Fundamental Issues in the United States

By E. A. Radice

3/6 net

". . This is an excellent example of what a really competent expert can do in a few pages towards providing the necessary background for the average reader. . ." *Spectator*

". . There are many larger and duller books which tell us less about the real problems of administration with which Mr. Roosevelt has been wrestling. . ." *Labour*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Something New for Socialists

C. DAY LEWIS is the editor of the first book to deal with the cultural, intellectual and non-economic aspects of Socialism and Capitalism. We would suggest that this book is indispensable to all interested in the structure of a Socialist Society. **Professor J. B. S. Haldane** says "I recommend this book to intellectuals." **Stephen Spender** says "the essay by Edward Upward is the most remarkable statement which has been made about the relation of Marxism to Literature, in a book which will cause a good deal of controversy."

THE MIND IN CHAINS

Socialism and the Cultural Revolution

Edited by **C. Day Lewis**

T. A. Jackson: Communism, Religion and Morals; **A. Calder-Marshall:** the Film Industry; **J. D. Bernal:** Science and Civilisation; **Charles Madge:** Press, Radio and Social Consciousness; **Rex Warner:** Education; **Barbara Nixon:** The Theatre; **Alistair Browne:** Psychology and Marxism; **Anthony Blunt:** Art under Capitalism and Socialism; **Alan Bush:** Music; **Edward Upward:** A Marxist Interpretation of Literature; **Edgell Rickword:** Culture, Progress and English Tradition. **5s.** *net.*

SHADOW OVER SPENNYLAM

by

F. W. Lister

"as a documentary story which will bring to many people of the middle class a realisation of life in the Depressed Areas, it is very valuable. We want more books of this type." A. CALDER-MARSHALL in *Left Review*. **7s. 6d.** *net.*

MASS-OBSERVATION

by

Charles Madge

and

Tom Harrisson

The pamphlet that everyone is talking about. PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY, *says:* "I commend this pamphlet to the attention of the intelligent public and I hope that out of it big things will grow." **1s.** *net.*

Frederick Muller

More sympathetic than the highbrows were the students :

> We pushed our way through, and saw a group of young students, who were walking in a circle, bent over, striking matches, as though looking for something. A policeman shouted : " Keep moving ! Keep moving ! " He approached the students. " What are you fellows looking for ? " . . . They shouted in chorus, " We are looking for our constitutional rights."

Miss Ballou points out, however, that the behaving of the highbrows was in part due to their realisation of the irrational nature of contemporary Spanish society. For example, Ortega y Gasset himself said in a lecture :

> I who am Professor in the University need the thoughts of the people much more than they need mine ; because of the spiritual absence of three-fourths of Spain, our life is an inept fiction, and as great as my efforts might be, I know too well that three-fourths of my ideas are condemned to remain pure artifice.

I am not going to give the plot of this novel, because it hasn't got one ; it is simply the observations of an intelligent woman. She clearly knows many classes in Spain well, and one of the most stimulating things she does is to introduce living historical characters like del Vayo, and La Pasionaria, giving their small-talk, with the aid, one supposes, of notes made on the spot. This book has had a phenomenal success in New York, and deserves it. It really does give one a competent picture of what may well prove to have been the last ninny intellectual circle in Europe.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Upton Sinclair's style and construction, one has to admit that he is, perhaps, the greatest left-wing propagandist of our time. After all, people only read novels, and one remembers *The Jungle* and *Oil*. He gilds the pill so simply, and so well. In *No Pasarán*, the young son of the rich American-German business man saves the puny, penniless Jew from being beaten up by the police, and is gradually weaned from the Nazi ideology of his family. All the ham situations are here. The Jew's father coughs heavily to his last ; the treacherous Capitalist *débutante* is thrown over for the pure-minded Anarchist girl, who makes her own proposals. But one's eye becomes less glassy when one remembers that the actors in a revolution often do behave with this sort of crazy simplicity. Once convinced, the young man leads a small American expedition to Madrid while his richer, relentless brother sails on the same ship, and with his own private aeroplane on board, to join Franco. (At first, one thinks this is silly, but O'Duffy and his supporters sailed for Spain on the same ship as volunteers for the Government). In the engagement in which Madrid was saved by the International Brigade, the hero shoots his brother down. This is one of the best parts of the book, but, as news, the most interesting is an elaborate description of the activities of American Nazis, whose corruptions make both Chicago and Berchtesgaden seem comparatively virtuous.

Nothing is Safe is told through the mouth of Julia, a schoolgirl of ten. Her father goes off with one of those bobbed-haired, cigarette-holder-holding minxes who have not been seen in Chelsea since 1913. Her mother marries a hearty army officer, with a tiny tiny head, who is described rather well. He is beastly to Julia's charming, very shy brother, who is a little older, and who not unnaturally gives vent to unearthly screams, and cleaves to his sister. This ends by his being taken to a psycho-analyst, to whom, in this case very properly, neither he nor Julia pay much attention, though it is a pity to see psychology being spurned by Miss D. The main theme of the novel is that the children have nowhere to go, since neither of their step-parents wants them. Miss D. is always presenting us with what she thinks of as the deeps of human misbehaviour, when her characters are only being badgered by schools and snobbish grandmothers. Her book is rather nursery-talky, and too long.

Some of the stories in *Stranger Wonders* are marred by a few minor defects of writing, a certain hugging of the author's own vocabulary, and the graver fault of being at times a shade *voulu* and smart. I should not have mentioned this at all if it were not plain from two pieces, *The German Character* and *Paffley's Paperchase*, that Mr. Sykes is a serious writer, and there are not many. He has a profound understanding of grandees abroad, both English and foreign, and his main subjects here are the frights, jolts, and satisfactions which they can give one. I have never seen the astonishingly elemental and contradictory qualities of the Prussian character, for there is such a thing, better portrayed than in the first of these stories ; the swooping from genial, loving companionship to cruel gloom, the falsely reassuring passion for England which sees only its most Constable-like character where everyone is a duke full of delicious port and embattled in a leather armchair or beautiful on a horse, the lack of intellectual doubts except as to whether *Gott* is still *mit uns*.

The author visits Baron Landshof in Silesia twice, once shortly after the War, and again six years later. In the interval, the Baron has changed from a happy husband and enchanting friend into a ogre whose amusements are beating badgers to death with a spade, or quarrelling with his wife as to which of them shall have the privilege of locking up their children for three days without food. Mr. Sykes eventually sees these unfortunates off to their school.

> " After the horses and picnics and so weiter, I suppose school is very dull. You have to obey silly rules all day and there is no freedom. Nicht wahr ? "
>
> " Aber nein," she replied in genuine wonder at what I had said.
>
> " But no ! You don't understand . . . I like home, because with Father there is order and discipline. That's much better. At school we can do what we like. There is no order."

Paffley's Paperchase is one of those rare comedies which make one laugh out loud. A hard-worked young military attaché near India is ordered by the Major to prepare the torn paper for a chase.

> " Righty-bloody-Ho ! Will you be responsible for the paper ? "
>
> " You mean tear it up ? "
>
> " Yes, that's right."
>
> " Right."
>
> " Right."

The only supplies were the discarded newspapers of the deaf French wife of an English merchant, upon whom he had not yet called. Torn between Sandhurst canons of politeness, and Sandhurst canons of duty, he paid her the first call she had ever had in the morning.

> " Bore jour ! " howled Paffley in her ear, " il faut demandy pardon que je suis ici. Mais le consul avait dit que vous avez beaucoup de papier."

Then follow some pages of exquisite comedy in which England and France are at cross and bawling purposes. At last England can bear it no longer.

> " Suddenly I saw in a corner of the room a great kind of pile of papers. I just had time, you see. I jumped up and picked them all up in my arms, and m-made for the door. She seemed awfully put out and said : ' Pourquoi voo voolay les . . . ? ' or something, and I can't talk French decently and I just bellowed out ; ' Par ce que je suis un lapin ! ' and legged it."

BRIAN HOWARD

THIS THY BODY

An Experience in Osteopathy

by

Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON

" The whole tendency to-day is to get away from drugs and forms of treatment which require their administration. Osteopathy meets this modern inclination and does so successfully. Where medicine has failed osteopathy has often triumphed. . . .

The Medical profession . . . are sparing neither trouble nor money to defeat the statutory recognition of it as a branch of the healing profession. Mrs. Chesterton has done a valuable public service in writing these pages." —*Viscount Elibank, in a foreword.*

" Mrs. Cecil Chesterton puts the case for the new healing with sympathy and insight. . . . Here is food for thought."—*Sunday Express.*

" A forcible and courageous exponent of osteopathy. . . . We recommend the study of ' This Thy Body.' "—*Public Opinion.*

" The moral is deep, is disturbing."—*Aberdeen Press.*

3/6 net

from all booksellers or direct from

STANLEY PAUL & CO.

34 Paternoster Row, E.C.

RED TERROR IN MADRID

Luis de Fonteriz

Foreword by SENOR DON PEDRO DE ZULUETA

2/6 *net*

No argument of rights and wrongs, but an eye-witness account of brutality, privation and terrorism in Madrid during the first six months.

WAR IN SPAIN

A short account by

F. White

1/6 *net*

"Most valuable. The exact order of events and facts." —*New Statesman.*

"Admirable. The whole picture in brief." —*Spectator.*

LONGMANS

The Economic Journal

The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

JUNE, 1937

CONTENTS

Some Notes on the Stockholm Theory of Savings and Investment. II. - - - - Bertil Ohlin
Alternative Theories of the Rate of Interest J. M. Keynes
Statistics and Dynamics in Socialist Economics - - - - - - - - - - A. P. Lerner
The Concentration of Economic Control in Japan - - - - - - - - - - Prof. G. C. Allen
The Problem of the Lancashire Coal Industry W. Prest
Special Obstacles to Full Employment in a Wealthy Community - - - - - - - W. B. Reddaway
National Income at its Climax - - - - - Colin Clark
Reviews. Notes and Memoranda. Recent Periodicals and New Books.

SIX SHILLINGS NET

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.,
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Applications for Fellowship to the Secretary, Royal Economic Society, 4, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Annual Subscription, £1 1s. 0d. The Subscription includes the quarterly Economic Journal, and Economic History Series, Special Memoranda, Statistical Bulletins, and sundry important publications at reduced prices. Life Composition £10 10s. 0d.

BUMPUS

Everyone wants to help you to choose your new books—why not see them all at Bumpus and judge for yourself?

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD., BOOKSELLERS to HIS MAJESTY THE KING

477 OXFORD STREET, W.1

COME THIS SUMMER TO

Czechoslovakia

At all seasons of the year it is a country which offers enchantment to the traveller and seeker of beauty, but never more so than in Summer—for then the roses are in full bloom and the fairy-like meadows gay with flowers.

Wherever you may travel within her frontiers you will find much to entrance you—fresh faces, new peoples, quaint costumes, new experiences! . . . Prague, the hundred-towered, and picturesque, centuries-old capital . . . Brno, Bratislava, and other romantic towns, retaining all that charm of the past peculiar to Czechoslovakia . . . . for those who seek both health and relaxation there are numerous fashionable spas and health resorts—Carlsbad, Marienbad, Pistany, etc. . . . .

No lover of beauty could fail to be moved by the unique charm of the landscapes . . . verdant valley and majestic mountain . . . blue lakes reflecting in their limpid waters the ruins of ancient castle or monastery. . . the alluring charm of the ancient hills of Bohemia . . . the wilder grandeur of the mountains of Slovakia—the High Tatras . . . a lovely rolling, open countryside dotted with pink-washed villages . . . . . .

It is a country with endless possibilities for travel and recreation, stimulating, refreshing—truly

A LAND OF INFINITE VARIETY

Here are some examples of what a holiday would cost:

TOURS — TRAVELLING INDEPENDENTLY

Franzensbad, Marienbad, Carlsbad, Prague
15 days - - **£22.5.0**

Prague, Tatranska Lomnica, Pistany, Brno
16 days - - **£26.0.0**

Fully inclusive fares covering 2nd class travel, hotels, etc.

STAY AT A SPA

15 days holiday at inclusive fares providing 2nd class travel, hotels, etc.

Carlsbad - - **£15.5.0**
Strebske Pleso **£16.15.6**
Pistany - - - **£16.17.6**
Jachymov - - **£17.5.6**

(For holidays including a complete course of treatment, ask for special spa booklet.)

HOLIDAY IN PRAGUE
15 days - - **£15.19.6**

Send to **THOS. COOK & SON LTD., Berkeley St., London, W.1** *or any of their branches for the attractively illustrated booklets on*

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

PUBLIC BOARDS

Public Enterprise. Edited for the New Fabian Research Bureau by WM. A. ROBSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Socialism as a doctrine, inspiring faith and hope, attracts more followers and produces more books than Socialism in practice, which is apt to be humdrum, technical and uninspiring. Bernard Shaw, in his *Common Sense of Municipal Trading*, argued brilliantly about the activities of Town Councils in the abstract, but added little to the scientific study of the comparative merits and weaknesses of existing public trading schemes. This book eschews brilliance and propaganda and, rather surprisingly, does not discuss municipal enterprise. It seeks rather to throw a critical searchlight on the workings of Public Boards and non-profit-making bodies of other kinds—viz., the P.L.A., the B.B.C., the C.E.B., the L.P.T.B., and the G.P.O. More by way of contrast perhaps than of illustration it includes also some account of the Agricultural Marketing Boards, which are rather inadequately dealt with in a single chapter, and of the Co-operative Movement. A concluding chapter by the Editor sets out certain general conclusions on the problems of what he calls the Public Service Board.

One of the chief merits of the book is the detached attitude of the writers. They concentrate on presenting first and foremost a factual study and both approval and criticism are meted out sparingly and on the whole tentatively. The Editor concludes that the setting up of these Boards has been amply justified by the results achieved and that electricity supply, broadcasting, metropolitan transport and the London docks have been better managed than they would have been if they had been run by an ordinary Government Department or left to private companies. The success of the reorganisation of the Post Office, on the lines of a Public Board, is held to strengthen this conclusion.

The substitution of public for private enterprise may be advocated either on general principle as a means of eliminating profits, or for technical reasons affecting the service in question, or in the interests of the workers in the industry, or of a special group of consumers, or of consumers generally. Hitherto the interests of the workers in the industry seem to have had little influence on the creation of Public Boards, and their conditions of work are not noticeably better than under large-scale private enterprise. Indeed it is surprising to read (page 41) that the proposal that the P.L.A. should become the sole employer of labour in the Port of London is resisted both by the shipowners, who fear a strengthening of labour's position, and also by the workers themselves, who remember the P.L.A. as a difficult opponent in past disputes.

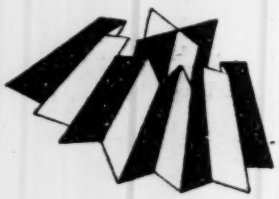
It appears indeed that while Public Boards may be accepted as the model for Socialist planning, they are not without merit as part of capitalist planning. Both the P.L.A. and the L.P.T.B. have been handicapped by excessive compensation to the previous owners, and it is at least probable that if their capital structure had retained an element of privately owned equity shares it would have had to be written down substantially below the present level. A Public Board that is precluded from making profits is also virtually precluded from making losses; and in times of depression, when losses and not profits are the rule under private enterprise, the burden of fixed interest charges may mean that consumers are worse off than they would have been if the Board had not been established. There seems no way out of this difficulty except either to reduce the amount of compensation originally paid, or to resort to subsidies from the Exchequer. But the latter might bring the Board once again under Treasury control and is difficult to reconcile with financial autonomy; and to pay less than a fair value at the time to the former owners, on the ground of possible future losses, seems an arbitrary and unsatisfactory solution. How far we may have to abandon the notion that each public service should be self-supporting is one of the questions which might have been further examined. Mr. Robson is critical of raids by the Treasury on the B.B.C.'s income from licence fees. But why should there be a licence fee at all? Or, if listening to the B.B.C. is a fit subject for taxation, why not make it an *ad valorem* tax on wireless sets? Similarly, there seems no obvious reason why telephones should be supplied at cost price plus profit rather than free, like roads, or on the basis of rateable value, like water. The finance of public utilities should be treated as part of the problem of taxation and social policy, and not merely as an accounting issue of balancing receipts against expenditure for each service. Financial autonomy for each Board or enterprise may become a fetish if applied as a universal rule.

The decision as to whether a public service should be run at a profit or a loss, and what annual amount should be paid into or out of the Central Exchequer, is one of the tasks that might well be remitted to the central planning organisation proposed in the last chapter. But it is ultimately a matter for Parliament and the Cabinet.

On the methods of appointment of members of the Boards and the qualifications and salaries of the chief executives and staff, the writers have brought together a useful set of facts, and the marked divergence between them illustrates the absence of any guiding principles and the need for a comparative study such as the book supplies. In the matter of "salaries de luxe" there is a remarkable contrast between the £12,500 and £10,000 paid to the two chief executives of the L.P.T.B. and the maximum of £3,000 paid to the highest officials of the G.P.O. The truth appears to be that the success of new public concerns is apt to depend so much on key individuals that these acquire a monopoly value, and like opera singers in Moscow can command their own terms. It would be the height of unwisdom to run the risk of failure by insistence on lower salaries than the key individuals are prepared to accept. But in course of time these anomalies can no doubt be removed, provided the right type of executive can be trained and brought to the front without the lure of "princely incomes."

How far the recruitment and promotion of high-class executive talent is likely to be more successful in public than in private services is still an open question. The new lease of life recently taken on by the G.P.O., largely through giving increased responsibility to men trained in the service, is of good augury in this respect. The Editor makes a useful point in criticising the rigid divorce between the technician and the administrative expert found in the Civil Service; and urges educationists, the Universities and the Civil Service Commissioners to respond to the need for breeding a new type of public servant, better qualified to run State enterprises than either the self-made business man or the non-scientific product of the older humanities.

The book emphasises the need for continuous and well-informed criticism of socialised services, and Mr. Robson proposes the establishment of an Audit Commission with a staff of research assistants to do this work. There seems no reason why this business



Many Sides

THERE are people who keep no banking account, and there are those who *merely* keep an account. To pay in one's cheques or dividends, and to draw out for one's needs, are right and obvious uses of a bank; these are first essentials. But, if a bank has kept step with the times and still retains its background of a century's tradition, it must at least have become many-sided. It is to popularize the many-sidedness of the Westminster Bank that a small booklet is issued named *Thirty-nine Advantages*, copies of which may be had at the counter of any branch office.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

NEW LUXURY LINER SERVICE TO

POLAND & RUSSIA

VIA

COPENHAGEN

BY GIANT ATLANTIC LINERS

"COLOMBIE" - - 13,390 tons G

"BRETAGNE"- - 10,171 tons G

SAILINGS from DOVER
June 22, July 6, 20,
Aug. 6, 22, Sept. 10.

to Copenhagen, Gdynia and Leningrad. Facilities for stopover for wonderful sight-seeing tours in Poland or U.S.S.R., or as an attractive 11 day cruise from £13 Third Class, £20.15 Tourist Class, £27 First Class. Write for details of Baltic holiday suggestions to—

FRENCH LINE C.G.T.

20 Cockspur St., S.W.1, or leading Travel Agencies.

D.A.102

KNOTTY

Though ancient Diogenes caused much attention
By sitting in such an uncomfortable spot,
So eccentric a posture's most odd—not to mention
If you cramp your inside, will it work?—it will not!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

for the sedentary

The Road to '37

AN HISTORICAL EXHIBITION of the working-class struggle for Freedom, Peace and Democracy from 1760 to the present day, vividly illustrated by books, pictures and cartoons of the period. "The Road to '37" is organised by COLLETS', under the personal supervision of G. D. H. Cole.

★ **1, DOUGHTY ST.**
(Theobalds Rd.) W.C.1
JUNE 14—JUNE 26
OPEN 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.
ADMISSION SIXPENCE

BUSES	TRAMS
38, 19 :	63, 31, 33

Lectures by Left Wing leaders each evening at 6.30

ORDEALS

you can help them face

Over 64,000 lives have been saved from shipwrecks round our shores in the last 112 years.
Your help in this heroic work is needed.
It costs little more than one penny a year from each one of our population. Anything you can afford to send will help these brave men in their perilous task.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: to any address in the world.

One year—including postage	30s.
Six months ,, ,, ...	15s.
Three months ,, ,, ...	7s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Prospects are good in KENYA

Conditions in Kenya are particularly favourable to the retiring man who contemplates settling abroad, or the active man interested in farming. A moderate capital, or an income affording only limited possibilities in England, can open up a fuller life both economically and socially. Equable sunny climate; fertile land; cheap labour and living costs. For first-hand information on either settlement or farming, write to Colonel Knaggs, who will be pleased to answer your questions personally and to send illustrated literature.

Colonel Knaggs, Kenya Government Agent,
Dept. 4, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2

THE NATIONAL JOINT COMMITTEE FOR SPANISH RELIEF REQUIRE THE SERVICES OF:—

An experienced shorthand typist for the London Office.
Also, for Hostels for Basque children in all parts of the country:
Spanish speaking teachers of both sexes, and
Matrons, Wardens or married couples, experienced in running children's homes, to take charge.

Applications should be made to MRS. WILFRID ROBERTS, 53, MARSHAM STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

of research and audit of Public Service Boards should not be undertaken by the Comptroller and Auditor General. But at present his functions are too narrowly confined to reporting to the Public Accounts Committee on the misdeeds of the spending departments. A new spirit at the centre—in Parliament, in the Cabinet, and in the Civil Service—is more important than the creation of new organs of Government, which, like the Economic Advisory Council, can so easily be rendered nugatory by the jealousy or inertia of existing departments.

The final conclusion that Public Service Boards can be efficient instruments of a democratic regime, but can also, if abused, be equally well used to undermine the foundations of democracy, is an apt summary of the lessons of this book. The essence of Socialism is not, after all, to be found in any patent brand of machinery or organisation, but in the spirit which informs them.

A POETICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The Crystal Cabinet. By MARY BUTTS. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

In March of this year, a woman in early middle age, Mary Butts, suddenly died. To all who knew her, and to a few others who had come to value what she wrote, her death (from peritonitis) appeared unnecessary and even appalling. This is not an obituary notice; but since Miss Butts' work attracted so little public attention during her lifetime a few words of retrospect are not out of place.

Intensely self-conscious, equally intensely conscious of the spiritual quality of those with whom she came in contact, she profited (as this autobiography shows) by a brave refusal of safety. She courted danger and unhappiness in personal relationships, not from a "ninetyesh" desire for sensation, but because of her lively interest in the human soul. Yet few writers can ever have been more different from their books than she. In life she was diffuse, uneasy, awkward in friendship, impulsive in all the wrong as well as all the right ways, hopelessly generous. Clever discrimination, balanced judgment, sufficient scholarship, were not qualities which one associated with her living presence. Yet these were the very qualities which, together with a real and original poetical talent, combined to make her so remarkable a writer. It is not perhaps likely that her first novels and short stories will achieve anything like lasting fame; but her last novel, *Death of Felicity Taverner* (the prose version of which, so to speak, is told in the book under review), may well do so. But it is for her two historical rhapsodies, *The Macedonian* (a reconstruction of the life of Alexander the Great) and *Scenes from the Life of Cleopatra*, that Mary Butts best deserves to be remembered. I think I am not the only critic who is prepared to stake his literary judgment on the permanent value of these beautiful books. They are unique in their *genre*, being a remarkable blend of poetical rhapsody and exact historical information. Neither *biographies romancées* nor historical novels in the Ainsworth-Dumas sense, they are rather poetical reconstructions of character and event in which the scenes are imagined as if they had occurred yesterday, in the presence of the writer herself, and in which the dialogue—neither Wardour Street nor vulgarly "modern"—is managed with brilliant success. There is no silliness, nothing overdone, nothing vague, no false romanticism and no striving after effect; yet everything in them is astonishingly unexpected. And they show a fundamental greatness of mind. It is a thousand pities that she did not live to finish the third of the trilogy—*Julian the Apostate*—on which she was working at the time of her death.

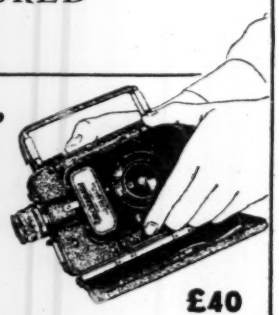
As is perhaps natural, the Mary Butts whom her friends knew emerges more clearly from *The Crystal Cabinet* than from any other of her books. Here she tells the story of her childhood in one of the loveliest parts of England—the country round Poole Harbour. It is a quiet story; but a sense of humour, a passionate love of landscape, and a wonderful eye for character, keep up the interest. Chiefly remarkable is the love of objects of virtu which informs the entire book. The Butts family had always been collectors of beautiful things (their collection of Blakes, now in the Tate Gallery, was made by one man), and Salterns—the house to which this book is a monument—contained a miscellany of works of art, each one of which seems to have had an all but human appeal for the child who grew up among them. More interesting to some will be the author's very amusing description of her step-father and his family, the Hydes: this is a late-Victorian Conversation Piece of great brilliance. And the early chapters have all the vividness we are used to associate with earliest memories, heightened by the writer's poetical sense of significant detail.

Lovers of Miss Butts' historical books may, however, be disappointed with this one: I was myself. Much of it is "fragrant," a horrible quality its author could easily have dispensed with; and some of it is dull. But none of it is trivial or (in spite of the "fragrance") false. One may disagree with her religious bias, or with her description of the Eton school-library as "fine architecture"; but the essential quality of her vision of experience remains both true and worthy of record.

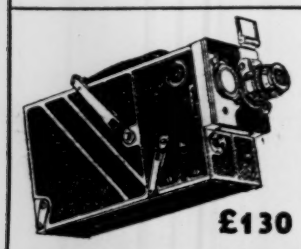
EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

PROBABLY
THE TWO MOST REMARKABLE
AMATEUR CINÉ-CAMERAS
IN THE WORLD

MAGAZINE CINÉ-'KODAK'
(16 mm.)
The simplest and most ingenious ciné-camera ever made, and hardly larger than a man's hand. Loads in three seconds. You can change black-and-white for colour film (and vice versa) in mid-reel. Slow motion, telescope sighting for telephoto lenses, etc. Camera and case, £40.



£40



£130

CINÉ-'KODAK' SPECIAL
(16 mm.)
The ciné-camera chosen by the 1936 Everest Expedition; makes the most advanced 'professional-standard' technique possible for amateurs. We cannot hope to describe it in detail here; but write to Mr. N.S. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

CINÉ-KODAK

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

IN spite of continuous lamentations by publishers on the impending ruin of their trade, the production of French books continues almost unabated, and, out of the hundreds of books published these last few months, it is actually possible to find a dozen or so worth reading. Quite a lot, said Candide.

The most exciting recent novel, and the one which is most definitely a contribution to literature, by reason of the extraordinary vividness of its writing, is Aragon's *Les Beaux Quartiers* (Denoël and Steele, 21 f.). In a way, it is the second part of a yet unfinished *roman-fleuve*, *Le Monde Réel*, the first instalment of which was published three years ago under the title *Les Cloches de Bâle*, but it is complete in itself. From his surrealistic past, Aragon has retained the knack of finding unexpected verbal juxtapositions which transform hackneyed words into mental flashes of lightning; even before his conversion to Communism, he had a white-red burning hatred of the smug bourgeoisie, fortunately enlivened by a very sensual imagination. He may not have an instinctive love for the downtrodden and oppressed, but he vindicates their claims only the more fiercely. Those who enjoyed Céline's *Voyage au bout de la nuit* and *Mort à crédit* will find in Aragon's work the same superlative command of considered invective, joined to the same incapacity for construction. The story is that of the two sons of the mayor of a small French town, and of their diverging careers when they arrive in Paris; the canvas is thus spread for a picaresque novel of traditional form-

EVER READY

MANUFACTURERS OF BATTERIES

DRY CELLS : ACCUMULATORS : RADIO EQUIPMENT
MOTOR CAR ACCESSORIES · PORTABLE ELECTRIC LAMPS

Net Trading Profit for year to 31st March, 1937	**£527,333**
Increase over last year	**£44,553**
Balance carried forward to next year	**£63,417**
Dividends on Ordinary Stock	**45%**

Points from the Speech of MR. MAGNUS GOODFELLOW (Chairman) at the Annual General Meeting of THE EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED, on June 3rd, 1937.

EXPANSION OF BUSINESS.

The expansion of our business during the past year has fully kept pace with the improvement we have so fortunately experienced throughout the past eighteen years. The public demand continues to increase—fostered by the good quality of our goods and the reasonable prices which the high mechanisation of our plant and processes has enabled us to establish. **There are few businesses to-day that have found it possible** (in the face of rising costs) **to make increased profits, while maintaining consumer prices at the low levels of recent years**—years of cheap money and low commodity prices.

TRADE CO-OPERATION.

We have been consistently and loyally supported by our Retail and Wholesale friends throughout the country, who realise the importance of establishing and maintaining a reasonably low price level to the consumer. For our part we seek to maintain for the distributing trade a fair margin of profit, and we can only continue to succeed in this endeavour while they continue to support us.

CAPITAL STRUCTURE.

The proposed National Defence Contribution, so happily withdrawn—at the twelfth hour—by His Majesty's Government, made it necessary for us particularly to examine our Capital structure ; while our nominal Issued Capital is at the low figure of £1,144,765, we have for many years ploughed back into the business roughly 25 per cent. of the yearly profits earned, and in addition we have from time to time obtained considerable sums from premiums on Shares issued.

I have caused our Accountants to make a careful examination into the position, and you will be interested to know that the real Capital employed in the business to-day amounts to approximately £4,000,000.

INTANGIBLE ASSETS WRITTEN OFF.

One important step we have taken is to eliminate all goodwill and other intangible assets from the Balance Sheet. This writing off amounts to the large sum of £1,111,368. It will be appreciated by you that the many acquisitions we have made during the past eighteen years have contributed considerably to the successful trading position we occupy to-day, and I feel sure you will support us in the decision we have come to.

LIQUID ASSETS HIGHER.

Our net liquid assets show a marked improvement. If you compare the last four items—**Stock, Debtors, Government Securities,** and **Cash**—with the previous year you will see that they have risen from £827,000 to £1,034,000.

MAINTENANCE OF EXISTING RETAIL PRICES ANTICIPATED.

Our **Stock** has risen nearly £90,000 to £340,000. Broadly, the whole of this stock was purchased and is valued at prices ruling before the advances of the last six months. Our forward arrangements are also advantageous, and furthermore, **we shall obtain in the present year the full results of the great savings in production costs brought about by the plant and process mechanisation of the past five years. I am therefore of opinion that it will not be necessary to increase our prices to the consumer during this year.**

DIVIDENDS AMOUNTING TO 45% ON THE ORDINARY STOCK.

Before leaving the Report and Accounts I must refer to the proposed **increase in Dividend, which must have pleased you all. You will understand that, although we describe the last 10 per cent. of this dividend as Bonus, we should not have recommended it to you unless we thought there was a reasonable prospect of continuing the higher distribution on the increased Capital.** Calculations show that, if our Profits are no more than maintained in the coming year, we shall have over £100,000 available for Reserves after paying 45 per cent. on the Increased Capital.

PROMISING OPENING TO PRESENT YEAR'S TRADING.

This year's trading has opened very promisingly and I am hopeful that we shall again meet you next year with the progressive results to which we are accustomed.

lessness. Their several adventures do not matter so much as the fact that they are told with a gusto that never flags, and that their background forms a picture of pre-war France which is *criante de vérité*.

The winner of the last French literary Derby—the Prix Goncourt—was Maxence van der Meersch, a prolific young writer from the North of France, who for the past five or six years has turned out a new novel every season. The occasion for this honour was a rather crude, film-like concoction called *L'Empreinte du Dieu* (Albin Michel, 15 f.), in the first part of which the author shows a remarkable gift for poetical description of land and people of his native country, Flanders, and somewhat redeems the trite theme of his story (man of genius leaves wife for mistress; is killed by husband). Yet the author deserved this distinction, if not for this particular book, at least for some of his former works, one of which, *La Maison dans la Dune* (probably his best so far) has just been published in a *de luxe* edition, with admirable water-colours by the Flemish artist Henri Cassiers. This sombre story of a good-natured smuggler betrayed by his mistress is made worth reading by the sympathy with which van der Meersch depicts the emotions of primitive men and women, particularly of the tobacco smugglers on the Belgian-French frontier, and worth keeping by Cassiers' pictures, which are not only lovely in themselves, with their greens and reds reminiscent of Vlaminck at his best, but, which is rarer, form an integral part of the book (Editions d'art H. Piazza). The same publishers, by the way, have brought out, at very moderate prices, some beautiful editions of French classics, such as Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, with illustrations by Paul-Emile Bécat, Maupassant's and Courteline's *Contes*, decorated by Georges Bruyer and Jacques Touchet.

One of the most charming of recent French novels is Alexandre Arnoux's *Le Rossignol Napolitain* (Grasset, 15 f.). Arnoux, though duly appreciated by French literati, is not as well known as he deserves, and this delightful story of seventeenth-century Italy, sweet with the sound of serenades, and built around the life of the composer and singer Alessandro Stradella, should tempt the author's spiritual counterpart in England, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, to translate it.

The foremost figure among French writers, André Gide, has not of late entirely satisfied his admirers. Leaves from his diaries, brilliant pamphlets such as *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*, are all very well, but one expects works of less transient value from the author of *Les Faux Monnayeurs*. His last "creative" work, *Geneviève* (N.R.F., 9 f.) is a short story, forming the third wing of a triptych with *L'Ecole des Femmes* and *Robert*, and, just as the latter was sub-titled *L'Ecole des Maris*, it might be called *L'Ecole des Filles*. The anecdote, concerning the love-friendship of three young schoolgirls, is insignificant, yet, under the hand of Gide, it becomes a work of art. The style, so even and simple that one cannot appreciate its consummate perfection until one tries to imitate it, makes it a model to be read, marked and learned by all those who appreciate French at its delicate best.

The pre-war period seems to inspire French writers; neither Aragon, nor Jules Romains in *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, nor Roger Martin du Gard in *Été* 1914 (N.R.F., 3 vols., 51 f.) is a *laudator temporis acti*, but this irrevocably concluded portion of Time calls for stock-taking, while the memory of men yet living still treasures the items of the gigantic balance-sheet. Roger Martin du Gard has now concluded his cycle *Les Thibault*—of which *Jean Barois* and its admirable recital of the Dreyfus affair will live, if nothing else does—with an inventory of the political situation which lead to the World War. *Été* 1914 is not unworthy of its grandiose design, and, if the private dramas of its heroes and heroines appear trivial and frivolous in comparison with the appalling magnitude of Armageddon, the effect is deliberately contrived.

Jacques Chardonne, in all his novels, has only one theme: the married couple, and, what is more, the happily married couple, but he is a past-master in the art of variation. *Romanesques* (Stock, 15 f.) is the story of a couple altogether too absorbed in each other, whose marriage nearly comes to grief by each partner's will to self-sacrifice. Jacques Chardonne—which pen-name, by the way, is that of M. Jacques Boutelleau, who fills in the time between writing novels with conducting his own publishing firm—is a quiet, reposeful writer, who has deserved a place among leading French novelists, without fuss or boosting, by sheer dint of psychological acumen and effective understatement. He should find an appreciative public in this country.

Among historical books, one of the most important is the first volume of a new *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* by Louis Madelin, the author of that fascinating life of *Fouché* which Stefan Zweig only had to "romanticise" to make it a world best-seller. For those who like their history neat, M. Madelin's life work promises to become the standard work on Napoleon for this generation. The author is one of the leading exponents of the pragmatic school of historical writing, and has devoted over forty years of research to this period. He now sets forth the results thus achieved in a work calculated to comprise twelve volumes, the first of which, *La Jeunesse de Bonaparte* (Hachette, 30 f.), has just come out. Unlike Thiers, whose eighty-year-old ponderous work on the same epoch is little more than a hero-worshipping biography extending to twenty volumes, M. Madelin's work carefully embraces the political, social, economic, intellectual and moral life of the nation. He thus lays the solid basis of his undertaking by giving a detailed account of how the Revolution prepared the way for Napoleon's dictatorship, starting with the assembly of the Estates-General in May, 1789, and showing how the legal members of the National Assembly, very soon after this date, established the doctrine of the Sovereign State, thus cutting the leather for the boots they were to lick a decade later. As is the case with so much French history, the writing of this work makes the reading a pleasure.

The outstanding book of literary criticism is the posthumous *Histoire de la littérature française de* 1789 *à nos jours* by Albert Thibaudet (Stock, 25 f.). It is much to be regretted that the author could not lay the finishing hand to this work, which had to be compiled, though not edited, by Jean Paulhan and Léon Bopp from the manuscripts, and an even greater pity that it will now remain a torso, though an imposing one. Thibaudet had undertaken to write the history of French literature from the angle of literary generations. This interestingly new perspective works here without undue arbitrariness: the generations of 1789 (Revolution and Empire), of 1820 (Romanticism), of 1850 (Realism), of 1885 (Symbolism) are fairly well differentiated and distinct, though, of course, there are any number of overlappings, and some parallels bear marks of stress and strain. The "system" breaks down with the generation of 1914—but then, all standards did.

Lastly, let us note that, now that the copyright on the works of Flaubert has lapsed, some very fine critical editions of *Madame Bovary*, *Salammbô*, *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* and *Trois Contes* have appeared, at astonishingly low prices, one of the best being that of the Classiques Garnier, with introductions, notes and variants by Edouard Maynial (Garnier, 9 f. each).

RENÉ ELVIN

SHORTER NOTICES

The Fifth Decad of Cantos. By EZRA POUND. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

The publishers say of this book: "It is an impertinence even to remark that this is the most important volume of poetry to be published in 1937." Quite.

An Atlas of Current Affairs. Revised Edition. **An Atlas of Empire.** By J. F. HORRABIN. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d. each.

Both of these little books by Mr. J. F. Horrabin should be of inestimable value to a very wide public. They are books of reference. On each left-hand page is a black-and-white map of some part of the world; on the right-hand page a brief account of the most important facts connected with it, whether such facts be of economic, geographical, strategic or other significance. Both maps and prose descriptions are little studies in the art of "leaving out" inessential details and of concentration upon such factors as are of clear importance. Although there will be an inevitable tendency for these books to become a little out of date as time goes on, Mr. Horrabin has given each map a long-term value by incorporating brief historical notes and certain statistics of lasting significance. All parts of the world are dealt with, and the Atlas of Empire is concerned not only with the British Empire but with the colonies, mandates and spheres of influence of all of the modern Great Powers. These are neat and useful little books to possess.

Wren. By GEOFFREY WEBB. *Duckworth.* 2s.

"A shilling life will give you all the facts," sings Mr. Auden. Though no one is more qualified than Mr. Webb to rhapsodise about our great architect (who was also astronomer, mathematician and man of science), he has confined himself strictly to the objective view. What are the facts about Sir Christopher Wren? He was "born a gentleman," he died at a great age, the outstanding quality of his mind "was its immense fecundity and readiness of invention." More than this Mr. Webb will not allow, for when Aubrey or Pepys or Evelyn expands so far as to write "prodigious inventive wit," "miracle of a youth" or "prodigious

Company Meeting

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

THE forty-ninth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company, Limited, was held last week at Station Street, Nottingham. The Right Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman of Directors, presided. The Chairman said:

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Our Trading Profit, after providing for contributions to Staff Pensions Funds, Management Remuneration and Income Tax, amounts to £966,116. The net balance amounts to £799,898, an increase of £29,009 over last year, and another Company record. Our total turnover for the year was also easily a record one.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends, and of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent. less tax on Ordinary Shares, we have a balance of £319,148 which, together with the balance brought forward, amounts to £617,238 as compared with £550,230 last year. Your Directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 3*d*. per share, free of tax, on the Ordinary Shares, absorbing £80,000.

LIQUID RESOURCES

Your Directors consider it prudent to recommend a transfer of £100,000 to the General Reserve Fund, £20,251 to the Freehold Reserve Fund, £50,000 to the Contingencies Reserve Fund, and £50,000 to the Overseas Development Fund. This leaves £316,987 to be carried forward. At the present juncture your Directors regard a continuance of the policy of conserving our liquid resources as being in the best interests of the Company.

NEW BRANCHES

During the year our subsidiary companies have continued to make progress. Besides the usual enlarging and modernising of shops, 37 have been opened and 5 closed, and on March 31st we had 1,152.

SALES AND STAFF

Our total sales have once again exceeded all previous figures and, as was perhaps to be expected in view of the influenza epidemic, our dispensing figures show a substantial increase over our previous record.

At the end of March our staff numbered 20,808, an increase of 1,143 in twelve months, and I am sure that you would wish me on behalf of the shareholders to express to them our sincere appreciation of their work. Nothing is more remarked upon by customers in our shops and visitors to our factories than the keenness and pride of firm displayed by our employees. That impression which they give of eager service and pleasure in their work is one of the assets of the Company which your Board prize very highly.

BEESTON FACTORY

We moved into a portion of our new section at Beeston in June, 1936. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining supplies of various kinds, its completion has been considerably delayed, but the large number of visitors we have had from overseas, amongst whom we were especially pleased to welcome a number of troops from the Dominions who were in this country for the Coronation, have been greatly impressed. As you remember, the Beeston factories were planned and started during the severe time of the depression in pursuance of our policy of creating employment when employment is scarce and planning in bad times for the better times that lie ahead. A few figures will show convincingly how far the enterprise of your Directors was justified. During the four years since the new factory went into production:

Tonnage shows an increase of	26.9	per cent.
Articles produced show an increase of ..	30	,,
and Staff show an increase of	23.7	,,

From these figures you will readily understand that, apart from the commercial aspect of the matter, it would have been quite impossible to deal with the great demand for our products created by the influenza epidemic of this Spring had we not had the new buildings.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Our research department continues to play an important part in our work of making the latest discoveries of medical science accessible to the public and in helping to maintain the high standard of quality that we set ourselves.

Another field in which our research chemists are active is that of sex hormone therapy, an important branch of modern therapeutics, in which the medical world is showing great and increasing interest.

With a view to meeting all possible demands for fine chemicals, such as Potassium Permanganate, and special medical products, such as Insulin, we have again extended our fine chemical factory and equipped it with the most modern plant.

On the veterinary and horticultural sides, also—comparatively recent developments of our activities that are becoming more and more highly appreciated by the public—our chemists are breaking new ground. In particular, we are collaborating with veterinary surgeons in an endeavour to determine the extent to which some recently discovered human medicines are suitable for the treatment of diseases in animals.

OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENTS

Owing to the New Zealand Government's policy of reorganisation of the pharmaceutical industry, we have so far only been able to open two shops, one in Wellington and one in Auckland, both of which are doing a very satisfactory business. That our presence is appreciated by the New Zealand public is evident from the steadily increasing sales, and your Directors hope that the Company will be afforded the necessary facilities for opening in other centres at no very distant date.

EMPLOYEES' NUTRITION

The subject of nutrition is attracting wide attention at the present time, and we have considered this question very carefully in its bearing on the physical condition and general health of our employees. Our medical officers have now taken steps to secure that the meals in our various canteens shall be designed on a scientific nutritional basis.

ANTI-GAS DEMONSTRATIONS

With a view to assisting the Government in its defence plans, we have appointed a full-time Gas Officer who, under the guidance of the relevant department of the Home Office, is taking steps to show the public what could be done in the event of an air raid to avert the danger from gas.

TOO MUCH LEGISLATION

I may refer in passing to the possibility of an amendment of the Medicine Stamp Duty. The Report presented by the House of Commons Select Committee on this question contained so many drastic and ill-considered proposals that the Chancellor of the Exchequer wisely deferred taking action upon it. But it stands on record as a warning of the harm that may be done by people possessing the best of intentions and yet lacking the necessary knowledge. In this case one of the immediate effects of the new measure that was proposed would have been to raise the prices of the medicines of the poor.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS

We are proud of the results that we have been able to place before you during the past few years. During that period the Company has made steady and continuous progress, and when I say progress, I do not mean only that our sales and our profits have increased year by year. Our progress has meant a steady expansion of a vital service to the public, an extension of employment—more than 3,000 additional employees in the past three years, not to mention the large number of workers engaged upon new construction for us. And lastly, it has meant better and happier conditions of work, which it is no exaggeration to say are helping to set a new standard of employment conditions not in this country alone. A well-known architectural authority writing of the Beeston factory recently in the *Radio Times* said:

> "It is stupendous, glistening, clean, airy . . To look down from the upper gallery that circles the main packing hall on the overalled girls far below is an unforgettable experience."

N.D.C.

In what was written and spoken in support of the now happily extinct National Defence Contribution it was apparently assumed that commercial success during the past few years has been merely a matter of good luck or the result of extraneous conditions. Progress in our case—and we do not pretend to be unique—is the result of hard thinking, hard planning, hard work, the taking of risks and a constant reaching out after new developments at home and abroad.

I would venture to suggest that there is nothing unworthy, nothing that requires to be discouraged, about enterprise which results in the creation of employment for thousands, the raising of the standard of life of working people and the provision of better health services to the public. Within our own Company we have always acted on the principle that increased effort and good results should be rewarded and not penalised. That is why your Directors were strongly opposed to the new principle contained in Mr. Chamberlain's taxation proposals. And that is why we welcome the courageous and statesmanlike step he has taken in bowing to the storm of informed public opinion. We have yet to learn what the new proposals will be, but we may infer from the Prime Minister's assurance on Tuesday night that they will be simple, direct and fair, and will thus enable industry to do what it has always been ready to do, that is, to make its due contribution to the cost of national defence

FUTURE PROSPECTS

It is customary for me to say a few words as to future prospects. In previous years I have spoken of the Company's future in a spirit of confidence and optimism tempered only by a note of caution concerning the possible influence of external conditions. That is the note I would again strike this year. Our prospects may be viewed with confidence subject to the general economic conditions in this country remaining stable and to the dispersal of the clouds that still hang over Europe.

young scholar" he is reproved—"that chorus of superlatives . . . interesting as coming from his contemporaries . . . but an unfortunate influence on his biographers." The inscription on Wren's monument in St. Paul's Churchyard invites the reader, if he wants Sir Christopher Wren's memorial, to look about. St. Paul's, the City churches, Chelsea, Greenwich, Hampton Court, the principal facts of Wren's life from 1665 onwards, are still standing. Mr. Webb adds only a little gossip about squabbles with contractors, relations with other architects and a "notorious" fondness for coffee houses. One hopes that Mr. Webb will have the opportunity to write on this subject again, more fully and more subjectively. In the meantime one must be grateful for his quotation of a sonorous astronomical hypothesis, "every nebulous star appearing as it were the firmament of some other world—hang'd in the vast abyss of intermundious vacuum" which does much to evoke the grandeur of days when the Royal Society was an "experimentall philosophicall Clubbe" and Grinling Gibbons was just beginning to carve.

The French Quarter: An Informal History of the New Orleans Underworld. By HERBERT ASBURY. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

Mr. Asbury opens this picaresque study of New Orleans with its history from its foundation by Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, to its acquisition by the United States, when, as he says and demonstrates, it "embarked upon its golden age of glamour and spectacular wickedness and attained its full stature as a city of sin and gaiety unique on the North American continent." As the early settlers were unmarried soldiers, there was a great demand for wives, especially as it became known that they were seeking mates among the Indians. The first women to be exported from France were taken from the houses of correction, but later virtuous young women were sent out and history distinguishes them from "the correction girls" by the title of *filles à la cassette*. Both varieties were accepted as wives, but an historian has slily remarked on the singular fact that only the latter had descendants. French, Spanish, Indian and English blood had gone to the making of the population when the U.S.A. assumed control, and to the voyagers of the Mississippi—whose famous boats are admirably described—New Orleans became what Corinth in its prime must have been to the voyagers of the Mediterranean. This is the New Orleans that Mr. Asbury describes with a frankness and a detail that leaves little to the imagination; and, as he has gone to original sources for his facts, we may accept his pictures as authentic.

We regret that our review last week of *New Writing—III* (Lawrence and Wishart, 6*s.*) appeared several days before the publication date of the book, which was not on sale until June 10th.

FOR the experienced concert-goer to enjoy the reproduction of music in his own home, two things are essential—a gramophone whose performance is so good that he can forget he is not hearing the music at first hand, and a carefully built-up library of records which will enable him always to choose a programme to suit his mood.

It is our business to make it simple for music lovers to fulfil both these conditions. Our gramophones are designed, tuned, and tested by concert-goers, and they offer the worthiest reproduction of music that modern means make possible. To assist our customers to make their choice amongst the bewildering number of new records, we produce *The Monthly Letter*, a critique of current issues. Our booklet, the *Art of Record Buying*, is a guide to the best recordings of some hundreds of classical titles. If you would like a copy of this booklet, please write to us enclosing 2d. in stamps.

EMG
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES, Ltd.
11, Grape Street (*behind the Princes' Theatre*),
London, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 7166-7

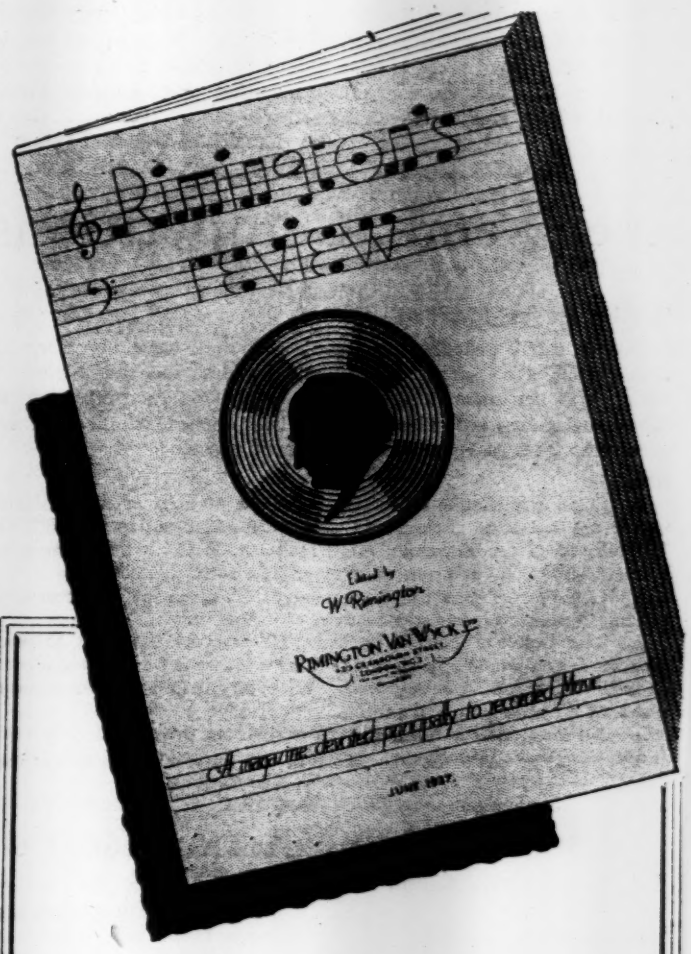
GRAMOPHONE NOTES

ORCHESTRAL.—How much the standard of reproduction can vary even now is shown by two records of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra which appear this month. Both are conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, both recorded by H.M.V. and, as far as one can guess from the cryptic markings on the wax, in similar circumstances; one is a great success, the other almost a failure. The Overture to Gluck's *Alceste* is on DB3129, a gloriously sonorous and vigorous performance of the splendid music. DB3164 contains William Walton's Coronation March, *Crown Imperial*: attractive rather than imposing (perhaps it was meant for the other king), suggestive slightly of Ravel (*Bolero*) and very definitely of Elgar (*Cockaigne*), it would, in spite of a commonplace *Trio*, score a brilliant success if presented with the requisite dash and swagger—say by Harty or Beecham. Boult keeps it well on the sober side; this would matter less if it were not for the recording, which is very fuzzy and hazy. I am sure the recording is to blame, although we have not yet heard the work in the concert room: it is inconceivable that Walton's scoring should really be as ineffective as it sounds on this record. Constant Lambert has chosen for his String Orchestra an interesting piece of Warlock, new to the gramophone: the *Serenade for Frederick Delius on his Sixtieth Birthday* (H.M.V. C2908). Readers of Cecil Gray's interesting life will recognise this as the work of the poetical not the roystering side of that dual personality—Heseltine rather than Warlock. The idiom is obviously suggestive of Delius, but the rhythmical interest is stronger and the texture a good deal coarser. I enjoyed this record, but I do not think that the music will wear very well. Stravinsky's *Apollo Musagetes*, played by the Boyd Neal String Orchestra on Decca X167–170, completes the tale of modern music for the month. This ballet, which Diaghileff produced in 1928 with choreography by Balanchine, represents the period of Stravinsky's aspirations towards the calm and classic dignity of Lulli. Besides its rather self-conscious lucidity it has a good deal of musical invention and stuff, so that one enjoys it more at each repetition. I cannot discern in its purity of style the almost religious quality which some celebrate: it is charming when you get to know it, but of no great importance. The total effect is rather under-vitalised, but try sides three and four, which are very agreeable.

Professors' complaints of the looseness of structure and weakness of instrumentation in Chopin's *E Minor Concerto, Op.* 11, are not so irrelevant as such objections often are. It remains, however, an extremely beautiful work, and I am very glad H.M.V. should have recorded it (DB3201–4): Rubinstein and the L.S.O. (Barbirolli). A very sensible cut has been made in the boring opening *ritornello*, and the music, with its beautiful themes, lovely piano figuration and romantic grace, will delight all but the most curmudgeonly. Rubinstein is neat and glittering, but a little lacking in warmth. If only the thrilling interpretation of Josef Hoffmann could have been recorded! The veteran Rosenthal also excels in this concerto, but his Parlophone recording is poor by modern standards, as is the even older Decca version of Brailowsky. Barbirolli, too, sounds a little bored with the orchestral part, as he well might be. On the whole, then, this is not an ideal Chopin *E Minor*, but very nice to be getting on with. On the other hand I cannot believe that Bruch's *Kol Nidrei* will ever have its pleasant sentiment transfigured into purer poetry than by Pau Casals on H.M.V. DB3063–4. Now when are we going to get another concerto from Casals? Stokowski presents on H.M.V. DA1556 his arrangement of the same Handel *Overture in D Minor* that Elgar transcribed. There is a touch of the mammoth about transcription and performance alike here, and some dubious rushing effects at the end, but nothing can spoil the effect of this great music, which comes from one of the Chandos Anthems. Beecham follows up his excellent records of the first *Arlésienne Suite* (Bizet) with two numbers from the second, a Minuet and a Farandole; neither approaches the exquisite *Adagietto* from the first suite, but they are brilliantly done (Col. LX614).

CHAMBER MUSIC, ETC.—The month is notable for some first-rate records of classical chamber music, but I must first draw attention to the recent issue of the sixth volume of the Haydn String Quartet Society. Nothing is so ideally suited to the gramophone as chamber music (and *Lieder*, the chamber music of the voice); and above all it is delightful to play Haydn's masterpieces

of happy device, many of which are hardly known except to students. All the volumes of this Society are admirable; but the latest contains an especially rich selection in the pleasant little Op. 1, No. 6, and three quartets of the master's golden maturity, Op. 54, No. 3, Op. 55, No. 1, and Op. 64, No. 4. The playing (Pro Arte) and recording are even better than before. Szigeti has done the very fine Handel Sonata in D Major (Op. 1, No. 13, I think) on two small Columbias (LB36, 37); having proclaimed his Mozart the May Record of the month, I find it difficult to avoid saying the same of this for June: it is simply flawless in style, and I beg everyone to hear it, even those inclined not to like Handel. It is irresistible. An interesting novelty comes from Parlophone (E11322, 3): a sonata (Op. 1, No. 3), by John Field (1782–1837), the Irish creator of the Nocturne and precursor of Chopin. The second movement is very taking, but I wish Frank Merrick had not chosen the rather dull *A Flat* Nocturne for the last side: there are several much better than this. Gieseking gives a finely controlled and well recorded performance of Mozart's *Sonata in C Minor* (K457), a work which opens with a vigorous Beethovenian first movement (Col. LX615, 6): this has not been previously recorded. Rachmaninoff however squanders his superb gifts on yet another *Harmonious Blacksmith* and a dreadful transcription by himself of the *Midsummer Night's Dream Scherzo* (H.M.V. DB3146). Why will great artists do this sort of thing? I have heard Paderewski solemnly plough through the *Tristan* Prelude, which sounded ludicrous in spite of all his skill. A first recording of uncommon interest is that of the Brahms *Sextet in G Major, Op.* 36, by the Budapest Quartet with Hobday and Pini (H.M.V. DB3139–42). This shows Brahms in his most flowing and lyrical mood, and is almost free from those passages of "leathery" development that mar much of his finest work on a large scale. It is generally thought that he wrote it under the influence of his love for the attractive Agathe von Siebold; and the letters of her Christian name are to be found in one of the themes of the first movement. The Scherzo is both original and beautiful, and the Finale quite captivating. Both playing and recording have that little touch of distinction which singles a set out from the mass of good classical records now available. Another fine Brahms work, the late *Clarinet Sonata in E Flat, Op.* 120, *No.* 2, is beautifully done by Frederick Thurston and Myers Foggin on Decca X171–3, and represents part of that company's intelligent policy of filling up gaps in the recorded repertoire instead of duplicating the old favourites still further. Another instance, the Dvorak *Trio in F Minor, Op.* 65 (X 161–4), reached me too late for review last month; it is excellently played by the Budapest Trio, and a good specimen of one of the most lovable of composers—lovable at least until someone starts resurrecting his choral works.

VOCAL.—This branch continues to be the most poorly represented on new lists, and in view of much that we hear at Covent Garden perhaps we should be grateful. But why is the opera management unable to discover fresh talent on its own account? We always have to wait for the best new singers until the New York Metropolitan has snapped them up; two or three years later they are engaged to appear at Covent Garden at the end of an exhausting season and for an exorbitant fee. Flagstad is a case in point, and Jussi Bjørling seems to be another. For the last few years all Scandinavian musicians have been talking of this brilliant young Stockholm tenor, and he has been engaged for the Metropolitan next season. His second record to appear in England (H.M.V. DB3049) contains *Celeste Aida* and *Che gelida manina*, and displays the magnificently resonant tones of a true tenor together with a very fair command of the Italian language and style; but a little more variety in tonal levels would be desirable. Flagstad sings two rather dull Beethoven songs, *Die Ehre Gottes* and *Ich liebe dich*, inclining to marmoreal gusts of noble tone rather than the intimacy and verity of true *Lieder* style (H.M.V. DA1514). Schumann records Brahms's *Wiegenlied* and *Immer leiser* with pellucid tone but an awful "tea-shop orchestra" accompaniment (H.M.V. DA1562). Gigli does as good a *Vesti la giubba* as anyone since Caruso, but is better suited by the *Harlequin Serenata*, also from *Pagliacci*, on the other side (H.M.V. DB3158). Hüsch is good in the two *Don Giovanni* airs, but it should be made a criminal offence to sing this music in German (Parlo. R2339). Finally there is Lina Paglinghi, who was to have appeared at Covent Garden this season. Tetrazzini's protégée, she possesses much of Luisa's skill and charm, unfortunately without the latter's *unfailingly* beautiful tone. Her new H.M.V. record of the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia* (C2909) is inferior in every respect to her Parlophone record of the same music; but her *Caro Nome* and *Mignon Polonaise* (Parlo. E11324) are quite delightful, the latter surely the best version since the famous

This excellent little magazine, devoted principally to Recorded Music, is edited by Mr. Rimington and is issued monthly to the numerous customers of Rimington, Van Wyck, Ltd. It is, as described, a Review of Classical Recordings and has proved to be of great interest to Music lovers. If any reader would care to have specimen copies, they will be gladly sent on request, free of charge.

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD.
42/3 CRANBOURN STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2
(Just opposite the Hippodrome)
Gerrard 1171.

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD., 42-3, Cranbourn St., W.C.2

I shall be glad to receive specimen copies of "Rimington's Review."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Enclose in unsealed envelope, using ½d. stamp).

Tetrazzini record which President Taft used to play every day of his life on the White House gramophone. But the most interesting of all the Paglinghi records is an older one (Parlo. E11267) of two airs from Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*, that tragi-comedy whose plot so oddly anticipates Galsworthy's *Silver Box*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 378

Set by Roger Marvell

People often express the regret that they were not born in some other age. You are invited to describe the period of which you dream, making clear your reasons for preferring it. The usual prizes are offered for the best entries, which must not exceed 20 lines of verse or 300 words of prose.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 18th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 376

Set by Maurice Richardson

The late Dr. Eder, a well-known psycho-analyst, was the author of the following dictum about the human race which is generally acknowledged as the low-water mark of pessimism: "We are born mad. We acquire morality and become stupid and unhappy. Then we die." We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for attempts at even deeper pessimism.

Report by Maurice Richardson

This competition was more popular than I had expected. It was, of course, inevitable that one would get an impression of widespread melancholy and spleen from reading through the entries *en masse*; I can only hope that they do not represent the general states of the competitors' minds. A few complained that Dr. Eder's dictum was not sombre enough, and many seemed to accept Freud's theory of a death instinct with more enthusiasm than is shown by some of his own followers. Several plunged into mystical depths of pessimism, and of these D. G. Grossmith is a typical example: "Long since emerged from his primeval slime, but still unmistakably trailing the roots of his origin, Man, idiot forked radish, presents the supreme cosmic negation: he invented God and behaves like a Yahoo." Many were haunted by the phantoms of mortality and eternity. The coming war and the destruction of the human race were featured by several. The most savage Jeremiad of all came from V. Hoare, and is too long to quote. Quotations from other pessimists included excerpts from the Church of England Burial Service, Remy de Gourmont and Fulke Greville. I would have been tempted to give a prize to anyone who had sent in what are said to have been Hegel's last words: "Only one of my disciples understood me and he misunderstood me."

So much for the content of the entries. Their form was rather disappointing. I did not think anybody's was as neat and inclusive as the original example and too many tried to imitate it. None of the condensed, epigrammatic attempts was witty enough, so I have decided to divide the first prize equally between Peter Kinstead and Miss M. Chisholm, for their serious, reflective entries, and award the second prize to Pithecus if he sends in his address.

Man in his youth suffers from the obstruction of the old; in old age from the insolence of the young. If sickly, he is miserable; if healthy, he will die in the next war. Should his career prove fortunate he incurs envy and malice, though if it fail he becomes an object of pity and contempt. Single he is lonely and selfish, but married full of cares. Riches will blunt his spirit but so will poverty. Being born he is a source of pain to his mother, living to himself, and dying to his friends. Better he never were born.

PETER KINSTEAD

There is no progress because man wishes not to cease to be himself. He resists unconsciously the infringements of change upon personality. Carefully he replaces maggots dropped from the fester in his forehead.

MISS M. CHISHOLM

Man is an inefficient digestive tract, topped by a fungoid growth.

PITHECUS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 232.—ALBATROSS EGGS

"These are the rules," said Sir Everard. "We toss as to which of us shall throw the dice first. Suppose I have first throw. I throw them one at a time and after each throw you can exercise your option of buying yourself out of the deal."

"Begin at the beginning, please," said the Colonel. "How many dice are there?"

"Four."

"And suppose I don't exercise my option?"

"Then the loser pays the winner according to the rules of the game. That is to say, the four numbers thrown by me are all multiplied together. Then you throw, and the numbers thrown by you are multiplied together. Whoever has the lower product pays, to whoever has the higher, that number of pounds which is equal to the difference between them."

"And now about the options," said the Colonel.

"Ah yes," said Sir Everard. "Those are at the disposal of the second thrower only. After his adversary's first throw, he may call the whole thing off on payment of £10 down. After the second throw, he may, similarly, offer £20. After the third throw, £30; and after the fourth throw, £40."

"Good," said the Colonel. "I think I've got the idea."

Sir Everard won the toss. He threw 4, 3, 4, 4. The Colonel did not exercise any of his four options.

Ought he to have done so?

PROBLEM 230.—THE UNIVERSITY OF UTOPIA

By A. G. Stripp

The following are the only ways in which 10 goals may be distributed among five matches so that at least 1 goal is scored in every match:

(a) 1 1 1 1 6; (b) 1 1 1 2 5; (c) 1 1 1 3 4; (d) 1 1 2 2 4; (e) 1 1 2 3 3; (f) 1 2 2 2 3; (g) 2 2 2 2 2.

1. The only distribution which can be said to include *a* highest and *a* lowest score is (f); this must have been Engineering's distribution.

2. Laws scored 4 goals in one match and 2 in another; their distribution must have been (d), and they must have beaten Economics 2—1.

3. Medicine also scored 4 goals in a match; their distribution must have been (c).

4. Economics, who had *a* highest score, cannot have had either of the distributions (e) or (g); they must have had distribution (b), while Arts, who scored the most goals in a match, had distribution (a). Economics must have scored 5 goals against Engineering, beaten Medicine 2—1, and drawn with Science 1—1. Hence Science's distribution must have been (e), which includes a 1, and not (g), which does not. Science must have beaten Arts 2—1, lost to Medicine 1—3, and scored 3 goals against both Engineering and Laws.

It is now possible to reconstruct the complete table of results:

	Arts.	Econ.	Eng.	Laws.	Med.	Sci.
Arts	—	1—1	1—2	6—2	1—4	1—2
Economics	1—1	—	5—2	1—2	2—1	1—1
Engineering	2—1	2—5	—	1—1	3—1	2—3
Laws	2—6	2—1	1—1	—	4—1	1—3
Medicine	4—1	1—2	1—3	1—4	—	3—1
Science	2—1	1—1	3—2	3—1	1—3	—

The corresponding Championship Table is:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Agst.	Points
1. Science	5	3	1	1	10	8	7
2. Economics	5	2	2	1	10	7	6
3. Engineering	5	2	1	2	10	11	5
4. Laws	5	2	1	2	10	12	5
5. Medicine	5	2	0	3	10	11	4
6. Arts	5	1	1	3	10	11	3

Science won the Championship.

PROBLEM 225

Seven points are awarded. A set of Low's cartoons goes to: F. Pearce, 32 Holland Avenue, Cheam.

PROBLEM 228

Eight points are awarded. A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Thomas E. Easterfield, Clare College, Cambridge.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

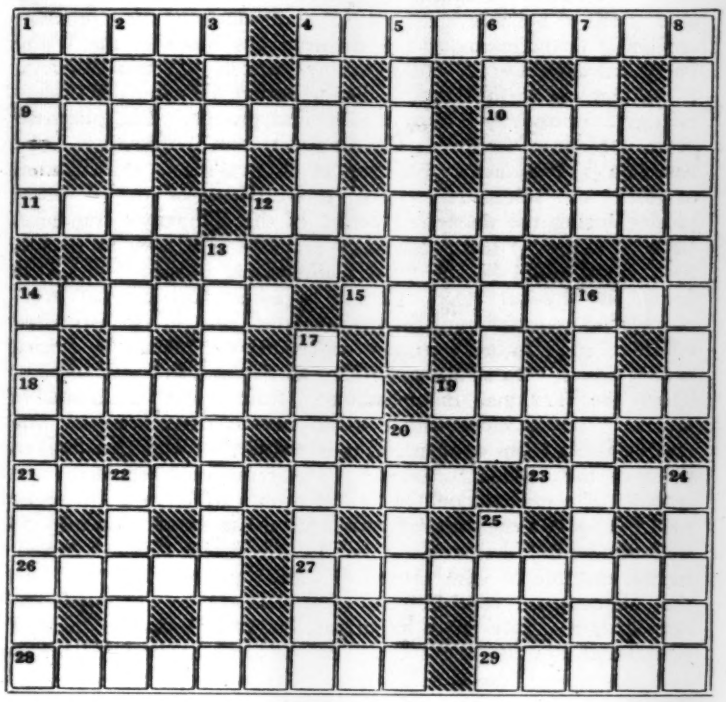
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 379

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss E. P. Brown, 50A, Fulham Road, S.W.3.

ACROSS

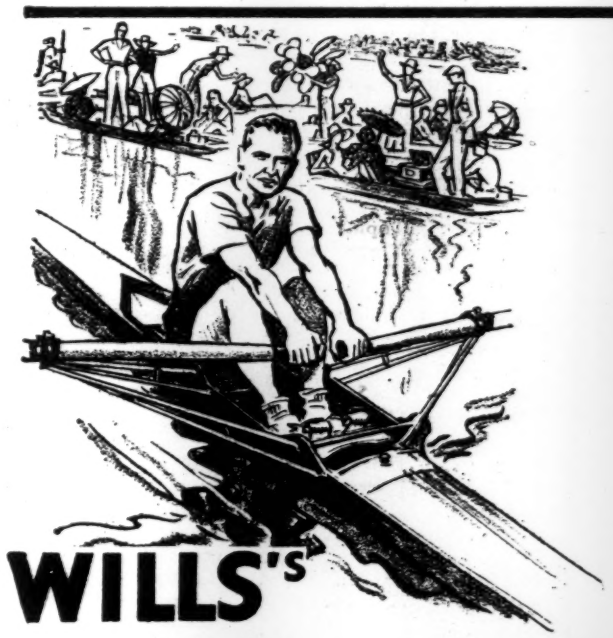
1. Craft that are behind in the middle.
4. Clothes horse.
9. Usual March prelude.
10. Palmy signs of appreciation.
11. About 20/- actual.
12. Floral immobility.
14. They go in flights.
15. Originally the universe, now frequently a hat.
18. Intent persons do not raise 2 for this.
19. Suitable situations for nautical sleeping partners.
21. The creditor is so concerned with the debtor.
23. Stops the row temporarily, but is very fishy.
26. The Fairy Queen has lost her first-class return.
27. Alice's condition after drinking.
28. Military command for a discontinued telephone line?
29. He isn't a mason.

DOWN

1. Freer palindrome.
2. Call for the use of hose.
3. Reply for angry diversion.
4. Reckons up the nobles.
5. The corresponding pennyworth.
6. Not sculptured serpents.
7. A shipwreck.
8. Young things soon become flighty.
13. The sort of share that is first 21 as it were.
14. Church official who's extremely devilish.
16. Burial scene?
17. The president turns tail and puts it figuratively.
20. One result of giving credit.
22. I went up to the little one.
24. Start for example in the bin.
25 I'd stand up when the O.C.'s about.

LAST WEEKS' CROSSWORD

C	A	T	S	P	A	W	■	L	O	C	K	O	U	T
A	■	I	■	U	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	N	■	I
R	O	D	O	F	I	R	O	N	■	U	T	T	E	R
D	■	A	■	F	■	D	■	D	■	M	■	H	■	A
I	L	L	N	E	S	S	■	O	P	P	R	E	S	S
A	■	■	■	R	■	I	■	F	■	L	■	L	■	S
C	R	O	S	S	I	N	G	T	H	E	L	I	N	E
■	■	U	■	■	■	C	■	H	■	■	■	N	■	■
O	S	T	R	I	C	H	F	E	A	T	H	E	R	S
S	■	S	■	N	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	■	■	T
S	W	I	N	D	O	N	■	I	G	N	O	B	L	E
E	■	D	■	I	■	C	■	V	■	C	■	A	■	P
O	M	E	G	A	■	E	M	I	G	R	A	N	T	S
U	■	R	■	N	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	J	■	O
S	A	S	S	A	B	Y	■	G	A	D	R	O	O	N



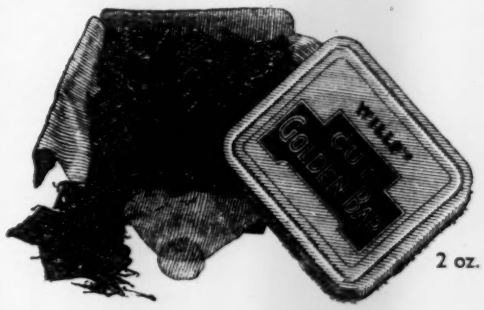
WILLS'S

GOLDEN MOMENTS

The Diamond Sculls

He makes his last big effort a quarter of a mile from the finish. Gradually he draws away—a canvas—half a length—a length ahead—He's won! What a fine race and what a Golden Moment it must be for him—winner of the Diamond Sculls—as he hears the crowd's applause.

But even he cannot buy a better tobacco than "Cut Golden Bar" at a shilling an ounce. But it *must* be Wills's.



2 oz. Vacuum tin

CUT GOLDEN BAR

READY RUBBED
in 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
in 2 oz. Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. (B 865)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

DISHOARDED GOLD—ELECTRICITY SUPPLY—EQUITY YIELDS—SHELL TRANSPORT

THE rush to exchange hoards of gold for dollars and pounds—an odd reversal of the 1931 flight from currencies—has been checked for the time being. On Friday of last week, when £7,000,000 of dishoarded gold was offered for sale in London and £3,000,000 remained unsold after the Exchange Equalisation Account had bought £4,000,000 at a discount of no less than 7½*d.* on the dollar parity, President Roosevelt categorically informed his afternoon press conference that there was no change in America's gold policy, and no plans under consideration for a change of policy by the three monetary powers—the U.S.A., Britain and France. He advised the press "not to worry" so much about the price of gold. The dishoarders were reassured to some extent, and between Saturday and Tuesday offerings of gold in London fell to an average of about £1,000,000 a day. On Tuesday evening Sir John Simon's statement brought further reassurance. British monetary policy, he declared, as laid down at the World Economic Conference of 1933, involved on Britain an obligation to buy or sell gold for the purpose of checking any fluctuation in exchange rates. This policy was being and would be continued with "full and effective co-operation between London and Washington." The City has interpreted this declaration as implying that the Exchange Equalisation Account can be relied on to play its part in co-operating with the U.S. Treasury as temporary custodian of redundant gold. But it is still in the dark as to the motives behind the tactics adopted by the managers of the Account in letting the market price of gold in London fall last week to a level so low as to frighten holders of the metal into a highly embarrassing rush to dishoard. On Wednesday, by which time the discount on dollar parity had narrowed to 4*d.*, only £438,000 of gold was offered and readily bought by arbitrageurs. Personally, I am inclined to wonder whether Sir John really meant that we shall actively prevent "redundant" gold ultimately piling up in the U.S.A. It is significant that on Wednesday gold shares failed to hold an early rise.

An investment designed to provide a safe and expanding income

INVESTMENT TRUST UNITS

Investment Trust Units are Units of a Trust recently created to provide a convenient method of investing in selected British investment trust companies.

¶ After any period of depression investment trust companies are among the last to reflect recovery. While shareholders in the majority of industrial companies have already enjoyed the 1934-35 recovery in the shape of higher dividends, shareholders in investment trust companies, owing to the time-lag factor, have only recently started to benefit.

During the past twenty-two years none of the companies included in the initial portfolio of Investment Trust Units has failed to declare a dividend on its ordinary stock or shares, and during the past six months a majority of these companies have declared increased dividends.

¶ Units may be purchased and full particulars obtained through any Stockbroker or Bank.

Estimated initial yield on I.T. Units based on cash dividends, after allowing for management charges, not less than 4 *per cent. Price of Units, 8th June,* 18*s.* 0*d.*

MANAGERS

TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.
30 CORNHILL, E.C.3

McN 2311/5

Investors holding shares in electricity undertakings will have read with mixed feelings the White Paper outlining the Government's provisional plans for reorganising the distribution side of the industry. As public-spirited citizens they cannot but welcome the institution of much needed reforms, however critical they may be of those shortcomings in the scheme to which attention is drawn in an earlier column. As shareholders they may be pardoned if they fail to see where they stand, and wonder if their interests are being justly treated. The financial provisions in the White Paper are complicated, and affect investors in two separate ways. First, there is the question of compensation for company undertakings compulsorily sold to consolidated groups. The purchase price, subject to the findings of an Arbitration Tribunal, is to be based on (1) cost, less depreciation, of physical assets, (2) valuation of stocks and stores transferred, (3) estimation of loss of future profits during the unexpired period of the company's franchise. In computing (3) the Arbitration Tribunal will have to decide, first, what would be the "net maintainable income"—i.e., the profit on physical assets, subject to adjustment for (*a*) overcharges or under-charges for maintenance, and (*b*) the estimated effect of such future statutory provisions for maximum prices, sliding-scales, etc., as the Electricity Commissioners may impose. Then the Tribunal must subtract from "net maintainable income" the receipts which would accrue from investing the cost of assets taken over in stocks or shares "of a similar kind to those of the vendor company." The remainder represents the amount of compensation for loss of profits which will fall to be paid. This is a nightmare formula for the investor. He may do well out of it; that depends on the Electricity Commissioners' future enactments with regard to selling prices. He may find that his company receives little more than the cost of assets less depreciation. Even more important, however, from the angle of investment interest, is the future of the large holding companies and the power companies, whose physical importance entitles them, under the scheme, to be nuclei for mergers in their appointed areas. The purchase rights affecting the constituents of holding companies which are not absorbed by district boards will be consolidated for a minimum of fifty years, but regimentation of selling prices, tariffs, hire-purchase terms, and contracts with associated companies will be severe. The Electricity Commissioners will fix a "standard" dividend based on approved future selling prices. Out of any future profits in excess of "standard," five-sixths will go automatically to the consumer in the form of lower selling prices. The net result is that electricity company shares will become, in effect, fixed interest stocks with little or no equity interest attaching to them. I see no reason in consequence to rush to sell power company securities. Pressure from the powerful electricity "lobby" may secure modifications in the scheme; and, even if this does not happen, there was never any justification for hoping indefinitely to make speculative profits out of a public service like electricity supply.

* * *

The Actuaries Investment Index shows that the Stock Exchange slump in recent months has brought security prices down to more reasonable levels:

ACTUARIES INVESTMENT INDEX.

	Average Yields %.	
	At end Dec., 1936.	At end May, 1937.
Share Groups:		
Electric Light and Power	3.92	4.43
Iron and Steel	3.76	4.75
Motors	3.97	4.87
Oil	2.85	5.20
Building Materials	4.80	5.68
Breweries	4.00	4.32
All industrial groups	3.68	4.25

Discussion is raging on the Stock Exchange—because members are doing less business, they are talking more—as to whether these yields should now attract investment buying or whether equity share prices should fall farther in company with the gilt-edged market, which is busy adjusting itself to virtually 3½ per cent. yields on new Corporation and Dominion issues. It is a difficult question to solve. In a closely reasoned memorandum on the economic outlook one well-known Stock Exchange firm argues that 1938 will see the beginning of a decline in our industrial boom—not a severe one if the export trades can be revived, but one which will gradually merge into slump when the rearmament

expenditures are eventually curtailed and no scheme of public works is ready to replace them. If this view is correct, and I incline to it, still higher dividend yields should be expected from the most vulnerable groups such as iron and steel, building, motors, etc. On the other hand, some of the more stable groups such as oil are already returning yields which should induce the investor to re-enter the market.

Why the market should have been disappointed with the final dividend of 12½ per cent. tax free declared by Shell Transport and Trading on its increased capital is difficult to understand. The total of 20 per cent. tax free for the year is equivalent to 22½ per cent. tax free on the old capital, and I think it is reasonable to guess that the latter will be the rate of dividend for 1937 on the new capital. I regard Shell Transport and Burmah Oil as the two cheapest investments in the oil share market. The full accounts of Burmah Oil disclosed earnings of 34½ per cent. for 1936. In the current year earnings will be increased by about 4½ per cent. gross as a result of the larger dividends paid by Shell Transport and Anglo-Iranian Oil. Burmah Oil now holds 1,200,000 ordinary shares of Shell Transport, valued in the books at £1,000,000 and in the market at £6,600,000, and 5,343,000 ordinary shares of Anglo-Iranian Oil valued in the books at £2,136,000 and in the market at £22,000,000. Thus, the Burmah Oil balance sheet contains a hidden reserve of nearly £25,600,000. Discounting market values, this would justify the directors in declaring a capital bonus on the £9,157,000 ordinary capital of at least 100 per cent. It is small wonder that directors of the Burmah Oil have the reputation of great conservatism. As the following table proves, Shell Transport and Burmah Oil can still be purchased to give generous dividend yields :

	Price.	1936 Dividend.	Gross Yield %	Est. 1937 Div.	Gross Yield %
Shell Transport £1	5 9/16xd.	20% net	£4 16 0	22½% net	£5 8 0
Burmah Oil £1 ..	5 1/16xd.	27½%	£5 0 0	30%	£5 10 0

I would add that the competition which Burmah Oil may have to meet in India from Bahrein oil cannot arise in serious form until 1938, on account of the delays in installing the full equipment of the Bahrein refinery.

A BRIGHTER, CLEANER COUNTRY

By adopting the main provisions of the McGowan report the Government means to cheapen and promote the sale of electric power and light. There is no need to dwell on the benefits that will be gained by consumers. The benefits to all well-managed companies that produce and distribute electricity and supply the materials and equipment for its use, are equally clear.
The Electrical Industries Trust enables the public to invest sums of approximately £50 upwards over a range of 41 Companies. Its constitution combines the advantage of Trust Deed control and the simplicity of the Unit method of investment.

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES TRUST

Trustees:
GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

● *Full information is given in booklet* NS. 10 *(the basis of all contracts) which may be obtained from the Managers :—*

ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS LTD.,
165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2. NATional 4931

CVS—47

Rochester Castle, Kent.

" There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.' "
W. M. Thackeray—" THE VIRGINIANS."

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

10 FOR 8D
20 FOR 1/4
50 FOR 3/3

Handmade
20 FOR 1/6
Also obtainable in other packings

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality

T.T. 176D.

The dependable portable typewriter

The 'Good Companion' never fails the busy man or woman whenever it is required. The expert typist and beginner alike can always rely on it because of its sturdy design and beautiful workmanship. The 'Good Companion' is made *entirely* in this country. For 12 guineas you can have the finest portable typewriter made.

Imperial
'Good Companion'

Write for particulars to Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. Leicester, England. London Office: 85 Kingsway, W.C.2

BY APPOINTMENT

USE A TYPEWRITER MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly; with dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 gns. weekly. Vic.: 7289.

BRITAIN'S best bacon and hottest hot water. Come to 34 Southwick Street, W.2. Tel.: PAD. 3237.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London W.1.

WALDEN KNOWLE, Chislehurst 970. A country home. Lovely gardens. Central heating. Billiards, tennis. Golf and riding near. 20 minutes London Bridge. From 3 *gns.*, incl.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

ACHILL—West of Ireland. Dugort Hotel, amidst magnificent cliff and mountain scenery, bathing, home comforts. Families specially catered for. Mod. Apply MISS LAVELLE.

EDINBURGH Guest House, 45 Manor Place. Central. Good cuisine. Hay diet. From 7*s.* 6*d.* night, 63*s.* wk.

ASHDOWN FOREST.—Unique guest house, off main road. Lovely views, unspoilt country. Riding, walking, golf. Aga cooking, running water, modern beds. 4 *gns.* weekly, 3½ *gns.* monthly, 35*s.* week-ends, August 5 *gns.* 42 miles London. Main line one mile, trains met. BOXHOLM, Buxted, Sussex.

WENSLEYDALE. Guest-house for energetic or restful holidays. Garage. Garden. Good centre for walks or motoring. Near moors. WARNFORD, Thoralby, Aysgarth, Leyburn, Yorks.

NORTH WALES—For Ideal Holidays. Wonderful mountain, moorland, maritime scenery. Every facility for indoor and outdoor sports, pastimes and amusements. Rest and comfort. Send ½*d.* in stamps for Illustrated Guide, to Secretary, North Wales Holiday Resorts Association, Dept. 13, Bangor. Express trains by L.M.S., 1½*d.* a mile 1st class, 1*d.* a mile 3rd class.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, lovely surroundings, bracing sunny situation. Excellent cuisine, diets a speciality. Separate tables, Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

OXFORD. THE CASTLE HOTEL for comfort and service. 1 min. stations, 4 mins. Carfax. You will stay often.

SEAFORD, Sussex. Views of sea and downs, h. & c. in bedrooms, separate tables, best English cooking, very comfortable. 3 *gns.* Sunshine House. 'Phone 533.

CORNWALL. Comfortable modern guest house in unspoiled Cornish village. By sea and river. Excellent cuisine. Golf, fishing, boating. Telephone 48. MISS GARLAND, "Wellside," Polruan-by-Fowey.

NEW FOREST. Comfortable, small Guest House in beautiful surroundings. Open country, moors, forest. Pleasant gardens, hard tennis court. Riding and swimming available. Vegetarians welcomed. Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

WOOD END Private Hotel and Country Club, Wishing Tree Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. 8 acres attractive gardens; tennis, billiards, 10 minutes by bus to sea. Home comforts, from 2½ *gns.* weekly.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswolds and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeareland, etc. Endless entertainment. Sport for all. Illustrated Cheltenham and Cotswold Guide free from Dept. 16, Town Hall, Cheltenham.

ASHDOWN FOREST, TYES, Nutley, Sussex. Country House in 6 acres; 600 ft. up, lovely views; modern comforts; attractive meals and service you will appreciate. From 3 *gns.* weekly. Nutley 85.

HARROGATE—HEALTH—HOLIDAYS. All ailments treated. 88 healing springs. Superb holiday centre; all sports, entertainments. Yorkshire Dales; wonderful air; moors. 1*d.* a mile by Rail. Guide, L. WILSHERE, Information Bureau, of L.N.E.R. Agencies.

SNOWDONIA AND LAKELAND. Beautifully situated guest houses, conducted excursions (optional). Evening entertainments. Hard tennis courts. Swimming pools. Terms moderate. Illustrated brochure. S. KERR, "Towers," Capel Curig, North Wales.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guests received. Well-appointed private house, sunny and quiet; h. & c. all bedrooms; good cooking; 100 yards from sea. 3½ guineas weekly or terms for apartments. MACGREGOR, 36 Pincliffe Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

Where Shall We Go This Year?

by G. H. BOSWORTH

An unbiased guide to the East Coast, giving the most necessary details about every resort from Whitley Bay to Deal. He is able to allot censure and praise as he thinks just. In addition to the description of amenities, possible trips to neighbouring towns are outlined, and the type of holiday each place provides is included, so that the walker can find his hills, the bather his (or her) sandy beach, and the golfer his bunkers

2*s.* 6*d.* *net.*

Allen & Unwin

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

JOHN FOTHERGILL at The Three Swans, Market Harborough, half-way between London and Manchester, and the East and West coasts, offers comfort, charm and good or uncommon food at all hours.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family take guests, 17th-Cent. Farm, h. & c. w. bedrooms, electricity, books, comfort, good cooking, lovely district. From 45*s.* WYNDHAMS', Shepton Mallet, Som. 'Phone 57.

DARTMOUTH, Devon, Warfleet Creek Hotel. Up to date. Near sea. Real French Cooking. Moderate terms. French management. Tel.: 144.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE, between Honister Pass and Cockermouth, raises you to concert pitch. VICTORIA HOTEL. A.A. H. & C. Elec. lt. Private Swiss balconies £4 15*s.* Tel.: Buttermere 2.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, Ireland. London 10 hrs. Dublin 16 m. Charming cottage; unique situation open moors, large gardens, own fruit and vegetables, excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

ACHILL ISLAND, Slievemore Hotel, situated at the foot of Slievemore Mountain. Close to sea and central for excursions. A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Moderate Terms. Apply Hope Clapham.

LAKELAND. Delightful 18th cent. house, between Buttermere and Vale of Lorton; 9*s.* daily. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth.

GUESTS received in a Country House. Lovely Downland village near Brighton. Glorious views, garage, tennis. Golf and swimming pool close by. Excellent food and cooking. Modern conveniences; constant H. & C. water. Open veranda for sun bathing; most beautiful walks. 2½ *gns.* inclusive. "Arden Grange," Albourne, Sussex.

WEST HIGHLANDS. A small, quiet and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on Loch Linnhe. MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Fort William, Inverness-shire.

ORCHARD REST CAMP. Woodland path to Hamble river. Partics., PYLANDS, Bursledon, Southampton.

CORNWALL, Penzance. Comfortable guest house. Close sea, country, from 2 *gns.* Reduction long visits. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road.

ASHDOWN FOREST. A beautiful home for guests. Hot and cold water, central heating, open fires, own eggs, chickens, milk, good English cooking. Beautiful garden. Hacks and hunters. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. 'Phone: 96.

YEALAND MANOR. A Quaker guesthouse amid beautiful surroundings; ideal for conferences and private guests; extensive grounds; central heating; moderate terms. Apply WARDEN, Yealand Manor, Yealand Conyers, Carnforth.

PARK House, Black Notley, Braintree, Essex. 16th Century Guest House. Quiet, informal. 5*s.* per day.

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL, BUNCE COURT, OTTERDEN KENT. Holidays for children (from 5–14) under supervision of German and English teachers. July 25th–August 25th. Healthy situation. Homelike atmosphere. Opportunity for learning or improving German. Games, excursions to the seaside. Moderate terms. ANNA ESSINGER, M.A., Principal.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

COME TO

YOUTH HOUSE SUMMER CAMP

AT

GOWER PENINSULA, SOUTH WALES.

July 31st to August 14th.

Camping under canvas—happy days of fellowship and freedom—delightful rambles and bathing—camp fires, sing-songs and discussions—vegetarian diet.

International Youth Welcome.

Cost 30*s.* per week.

Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. GUL 5189.

THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT
West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ *gns.* per week.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

ISLAND off Irish West Coast. Magnificent scenery. Mild climate. Amethyst Hotel, Achill Island. Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by mountains. Good food. Comfortable beds. Hot and cold water. Turf fires. Terms: £2 10*s.* to £3 weekly. Write MISS T. BLACKHAM, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Sun bathing, country mansion in 23 acres. H. and c. water, elec. light, modern sanitation, own sea shore, safe bathing, S.B. enclosures, tennis. Brochure, N.S. & N., Woodside, Wootton, I.W.

L.B.C. "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings, is the "Left" Guest House with modern comfort and cuisine. Four woodland acres. Tennis. Dance hall. Write for illustrated brochure or 'phone Baldslow 19.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services c. h. w., efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone 52. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

CORNWALL. On glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Several comfortable furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period, holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Book now for June, July and September. No August vacancies. Terms and photos: MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, South Molton, Devon. See Schools, page 987.

OLD-WORLD thatched cottage, convenient, informal; lady (young) wishes guests. Bracing, lovely country. 2½ *gns.* MISS ENGLISH, Old Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury.

FOREST, mile coast; 6-roomed cottage, all conveniences. 3 *gns.* August, September. FIGTREE, Everton, Hants.

ACHILL ISLAND. Seaview Hotel, Dugort. Considerable reductions to families. Apply MANAGERESS.

EASTBOURNE. Mona House, Compton Street. Small comfortable private hotel, two mins. sea, Devonshire Park. Excellent cuisine, service. Inclusive terms. MATTHEWS. 'Phone 2597.

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"
SEA MEADS, Prah Sands, Cornwall. This lovely sea-border garden hamlet has a cottage vacant for July and for September and onwards. Write SECRETARY.

DEVON (North), Cherryford, Parracombe. Restful surroundings. Nr. sea, golf, Exmoor. Mod. convens.

G.W.R. Camp Coach, Seaside, Somerset. 2 paying guests to share this with small party. July 3rd–24th, or part. 35*s.* each per week. SHAW, St. John's Vicarage, Penzance.

HUNTLY, BISHOPSTEIGNTON, S. Devon. A friendly hotel with a lovely garden. Tennis, golf, riding. H. and c. in bedrooms. Near Dartmoor. Sea bathing at Teignmouth. From 3 *gns.*

HAPPY HOLIDAYS. Grange Guest House, Banwell, Som. Mendips; 5 miles from Weston-super-Mare.

MODERN house. Central heating, electric and gas fires, hot water basins. Continental and English cuisine. Moderate terms. 59 Belsize Park, N.W.3.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse (George II's shooting box), 13 miles Eastbourne. Home produce. Electric light; 2 bathrooms. Riding, Tennis. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Horam, Sussex.

DENMARK. If you are visiting Copenhagen, a reader thoroughly recommends the TURIST HOTEL.

WALKING HOLIDAYS ABROAD
SWITZERLAND (Lake Lucerne and Bernese Oberland), 15 days = £12 incl. Middle Germany (Thuringia), 14 days = £9 incl. Parties of ten people only leave London July 24th, Aug. 7th. Box 818, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

continued on next page

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

(*Continued from page 984.*)

INDEPENDENT CAMPING HOLIDAYS. 2,000 camp sites in Great Britain and Ireland. Tours to Germany, Switzerland, Pyrenees, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Roumania. Advice and information on every aspect of Camping and Caravanning. Equipment at reduced prices. Social activities. Canoe, Caravan and Mountaineering Sections. Literature free. SECRETARY, Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, 38 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1. Sloane 5866.

SMALL, gay party young people, each Sat. Frankfort, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden. 16 days, 10 *gns.* inclusive. M.T.S. LTD., 3 Panton Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. WHI 5518/9.

CANOEING. A few vacancies Anglo-Austrian party, Dalmatian coast, Split to Dubrovnik. July 30th to August 17th. Inclusive cost under £23. Good swimmers only. Apply F. SCURFIELD, St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

NEAR DIEPPE. GRAND HOTEL, BERMEVAL-S.-MER. Picturesque country, good bathing and sands. Tennis in own garden. Food specially good. Pension 35–45 *frs.* Personal recommendation.

PARIS. 2 rms., bed, breakfast, 22 *frs.* a day, with French family in pleasant suburb, 10 mins. by train from Exposition. Write: MME. HAMON, 11bis, rue des Galons, Meudon, S. & O., or 'phone HOUnslow 0919.

VISIT FINLAND. 11 DAYS FOR ONLY £10, including sea voyage from England. Lakes and Islands, forests, fells and moor, foaming rapids, golden sands, salmon and trout streams, the Midnight Sun. Write for free handbook: FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

NEUSTIFT, last village in Stubaital, Tirol; Innsbruck 30 km.; fine walking; starting-point for famous climbing-huts; low season pension, 9 *sch.* inclusive; high 9–12. Baedeker stars this House. AUMAYR, Hotel Hofer.

RIVIERA, HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 8*s.*

ST. CAST, Brittany, Hotel Julia, near sea. Garden. Large airy bedrooms, h. and c. running water each room. Good French cooking. Terms moderate. Illustrated Brochure.

MAKE it Moscow this year. The holiday suggestion. Parties leaving London twice weekly. Tours from £19, inclusive. Write for details. F.S.U. Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

BRITTANY, South Coast; home comforts. Guests received in modernised private house; 50 acres grounds; on sea. Bathing, fishing, boating, sailing. Tennis clubs and picturesque fishing harbour near. Excellent tourist centre. Car. From 55 *frs.* per day. MME. CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, en Beuzec Conq. Finistere

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, from 40 *fcs.*; Summer, from 50 *fcs.* LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

BOARD RESIDENCE

A BABY BREAKFAST? Not at 34 Southwick Street, W.2, where one gets Britain's best bacon.

SWISS COTTAGE. Educationists, students and professional people. PRI 6466. 30*s.*, partial board.

BORDER of Exmoor. Board-residence, 3 *gns.* p.w. Bath, indoor sanitation, gas lighting. Car kept. garage for 3 cars, stabling 3 horses. Own trout stream. Station, Washford, 6 miles. New Mills, Luxborough, Washford, Somerset.

CHELSEA. Divan rooms (h. and c. basins). Single from 27*s.* 6*d.*; includes room, breakfast and baths. 6*s.* 6*d.* per night. Dinner optional. Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street. Flax. 7284.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS. PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS. Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES LIMITED, 7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163–4).

LITERARY Typing—knowledge of French and German. MISS POLLARD, 36 Ampthill Square, N.W.1. Euston 1972.

PRINTERS

FAVIL Prestige is in Print. Get our ideas on your next project. "*Printing Made Clear*" sent on request. 152 Church Street, W.8 (Notting Hill Gate). BAY 2990.

BOOKPLATES, Fine Editions, etc., designed and hand printed. Letterpress and plate printing. Visitors invited to view drawings and prints at PEAR TREE PRESS, Flansham, Bognor Regis.

TRAINING CENTRES

QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. Practical training in delightful surroundings. Journalism and Foreign Shorthand. Own Residential Club. 7 months' course, £55. Prospectus from Dept. E., 67 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics. Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE WESTMINSTER TUTORS (Miss Freeston, M.A. Oxon, Miss Nanco, B.A. Lond., and experienced staff) undertake coaching for all University, School, and Civil Service examinations. (Men or women students.) Modern language classes. English for foreigners. Small groups for Matriculation and School Certificate work. Individual tuition in weak subjects. Reasonable charges. For prospectus, advice, and list of recent successes, apply 50 Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.1 (beside the Army and Navy Stores). Interviews by appointment only. Tel.: Victoria 2976.

CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Post-Graduate).
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Principal: MISS H. DENT, M.A.
A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford, Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10*s.* to £100 16*s.* Fees without residence £31 10*s.*—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

HOME CIVIL, CONSULAR, I.C.S., F.O., TAXES. Final Short Course, June 21st to July 2nd. DAVIES'S, 1 Holland Park, W.11. Park 4414.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

ATTRACTIVE s.c. balcony flat to let, 2 sit., 2 bed., kitchen and bath. 8D Observatory Gdns., Campden Hill, W.8. Tel.: Wes. 5339.

TO LET. July–Sept., one-roomed furnished flatlet with bathroom. Top floor. Excellent piano. Near Notting Hill Gate station. £5 5*s.* per month. Box 814, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CHARMING COTTAGE—16 cent. Edge Ashdown Forest. 1 hour from Town. 3 bedrooms, lounge and kitchen. Garage. 1¼ acre garden. To Let Furnished. Box 811, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LET Aug., part Sept., furn., flat. London Square. Or exchange bungalow, preferably seaside. Box 813, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LET. 4–6 wks. from July 3rd. S.c. furnished flat, close British Museum, suitable 2 people. Box 816, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED modern first flr. flat nr. Russell Sq. Stn. 2 Bed, 2 rec., large kit., bathrm., constant h.w. 4 *gns.* p.w., less for period. 'Phone: TER 6040.

SPACIOUS well-furnished flat (3 beds) to let, July–September, London, central, 25*s.* weekly. Box 817, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FLAT, Clapham Common, to let, August; 42*s.* Suit gentlewoman. Would exchange for country cottage. Box 821, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WHITBY MOORS. Grove House, Levisham, Pickering, to let furnished, July or September (last 3 weeks). Moors stretching to the sea. Booklet from MRS. WILKINSON, 60 Marygate, York.

TO LET. Furnished cottage near Llyn Ogwen, North Wales; 2 s., 5 b., 2½ *gns.* July, 4 *gns.* August. Write HUBBACH, 19 Wellgarth Road, London, N.W.11.

HAMPSTEAD. Double & single fur. rms. in quiet house with gdn. from 18/6 incl. 22 Belsize Ave. PRI. 1043

UNUSUALLY quiet, comfortable, pleasant room with breakfast. Reasonable. BOYD. Padd. 9280.

BRIGHT furnished single and double room, h. and c., quiet house, with garden. From £1 inc. breakfast; dinner if required. Maida Vale 6240.

RICHMOND. End of July. Sunny unfurnd. room in pleasant flat. 10*s.* 6*d.* Use of kitch. and bath. Suit young business woman. Box 820, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ARTIST-BUILT studio on river at Putney, to let furnished, July–Sept. Bath, kitchen. Constant, very hot water. Very cool and quiet. 2½ *gns.* Putney 7146.

UNFURNISHED, Swiss Cottage, near Embassy. Attractive large garden-room or studio. Kitchenette, etc. H. and c. water. 25*s.* Another large redecorated sunny room or studio, 22*s.* 6*d.* Every comfort, service available. 19 Crossfield Road, N.W.3. Tel.: Pri. 6139.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Attractive divan rooms. H. and c. w. basins, lounge, garden, bath. Breakfast, from 22*s.*; sharing, 17*s.* 6*d.* each. Board optional. 'Phone: Mai. 2600.

CHELSEA. Attractive bright divan sitting-room, h. and c. basin, newly decorated. Overlooks quiet terrace. Central for buses. 25*s.* p.w. with light breakfast; dinner if required. Telephone before 11 a.m.: Flaxman 0984.

WANTED. Furnished flat for summer, service available. 2 rooms or one very large. Hampstead, St. John's Wood or Kensington. Max. 2½ *gns.* BM/DVK, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Professor of Economics. Salary £850 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1937.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 17th, 1937.

EDWIN DREW,
Singleton Park, Swansea. Registrar.

GREY LODGE SETTLEMENT, DUNDEE. Residential, non-sectarian.

Activities: Handicrafts, drama, music, recreation, athletics, camping.

Appointments for September:

Girls' Clubleader, able to train clubleaders under N.C.G.C. scheme.

Organiser for Boys' and Men's Work, willing to help with adult education.

Applications at once to the WARDEN.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden at The Beeches Educational Centre for Women, Bournville, Birmingham. Applicants must be at least 30 years of age and should have interest in, and experience of, Adult Education and Social Work, particularly among women. Acquaintance with the conditions and needs in the Distressed Areas is desirable. Further particulars from the SECRETARY, The Beeches, Bournville, Birmingham.

PSYCHOLOGIST (part-time) (woman) required by London County Council at the Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5 (for neuroses and curable mental disorder—voluntary patients). Age under 40 years. Duties mainly with children attending out-patients' department. Salary £170 a year of 48 weeks for five sessions of 2½ hours each week. No emoluments. Non-pensionable. For application form, returnable by 3rd July, send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to medical superintendent. Canvassing disqualifies. Marriage terminates contract of service.

THE BELTANE SCHOOL, Wimbledon, requires an experienced Junior School teacher for September. Montessori training desirable.

CAMBRIDGE Woman Graduate, Economics, First-class German, French, personality, initiative, organising ability, considerable and varied business and secretarial experience, shorthand typing three languages, seeks interesting non-commercial post. Present salary £260. Write Box 815, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TUTOR-JOURNALIST of repute offers THE most exclusive Training to selected pupils only. BM/TYPE, W.C.1.

SECRETARY (25 years), German, English, shorthand-typist, knowledge French, desires post for trip to East and/or Australia. British subject. Box 4, Smith, 11 Kingsway, W.C.2.

WOMAN interested fellow-beings all ages, wishes give up office life for secretarial post where could help also with crafts, gardening, etc. Trained, experienced, competent, kindly. Excellent references. Free August. Box 812, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATIONIST, D.Ph., Ph.D., widest exp., internat. reput., offers services. Spec. Maths. Mod. Languages. Salary not chief thing. Box 823, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CAPABLE Woman Clerk finds Civil Service unenterprising, desires progressive post requiring initiative, etc., as Secretary–Shorthand Typist. Write M. M. B., 4 Leighton Mansions, W.14.

LOANS & MORTGAGES

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: REGENT 5983.

APPLICATIONS are INVITED by the MORTGAGE (LOAN and SECURITIES) COMPANY, 36 Lincoln's Inn Fields, to arrange prompt advances on Reversions or Life Interest. Not exceeding 4½ per cent net interest.

THREE-AND-THREE-EIGHTHS PER CENT (net) HOUSE MORTGAGES. Repayments lowered or larger mortgages arranged. Free transfers in suitable cases. Borrower's death cancels mortgage. CALL, write or 'phone: General Secretary, HOME BUYERS ASSOCIATION, LTD., 110 CANNON STREET, E.C.4. (One minute Monument Station.) MANsion House 7404 (2 lines).

POSTAL TUITION

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 77% Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

APOLLO. London After Dark. Tu., Sat.

COLISEUM. Ballets de Monte Carlo. W., S.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., Fri.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Th.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. The Constant Wife. Wed. & Thurs.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

OLD VIC. Murder in the Cathedral. Th., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. The King's Pirate. Tues.

STRAND. Judgment Day. Tues., Thurs.

W'MINSTER. A Month in the Country. W., S.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., Th.

OPERA AND BALLET

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO
Director, Rene Blum. Creations of Michel Fokine.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272). Com. June 15 at 8.30.
Subs. Nightly 8.45. Mats., Thurs. and Sats., 2.45.
THE PHILADELPHIA BALLET
Directrice: CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 275 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
Evgs,. 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.
JANE EYRE
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & WALTER HACKETT'S prodn.
LONDON AFTER DARK
by WALTER HACKETT.

COMEDY. Over 200 Perfs. Whi. 2578.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A. MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, AGNES LAUCHLAN.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. 8.30. WED., THURS., 2.30.
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
THE CONSTANT WIFE
RUTH CHATTERTON. CECIL PARKER.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

OLD VIC. WATERLOO 6336. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
8.30 (Except Mon.). THURS., SAT., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL
by T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as "Becket."

PLAYHOUSE. Over 475 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 8888.
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE

ST. MARTIN'S. TEM. BAR 1443 & 4.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Fri. Next, 2.30.
THE KING'S PIRATE
by Edward and Theo Thompson.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660).
EVENINGS, 8.30. MATINEES, Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
JUDGMENT DAY
by ELMER RICE.

WESTMINSTER. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY
GILLIAN SCAIFE, SCOTT SUNDERLAND.
Seats bookable, 6/-, 3/6, 2/6. Box Office, Vic. 0283.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & THURS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

EXHIBITIONS

VISIT THE YOUTH EXHIBITION
PEACE AND INTERNATIONALISM
JUNE 14th–19th; Daily 7 p.m.–11 p.m. Meetings: daily, 8 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.
Admission 6*d.*
YOUTH HOUSE, 250 CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.1.

YOU are invited to AN EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS AND PRINTED MATERIALS BY GIRLS AT LANGFORD GROVE.
JUNE 7th to JUNE 19th, 1937
Daily 9–6.30. Thurs. 9–1
AT THE GORDON FRASER GALLERY
Portugal Place. Cambridge.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

FOR THE TABLE

COMING to EDINBURGH?
MACKIE'S serve excellent meals in pleasant rooms at 108 Princes Street.
Opposite the Castle.

MISCELLANEOUS

SOUTH AFRICAN fresh-cut wonder flowers known as Chincherinchees. Delivered free any address United Kingdom during October–November next. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* for 100 stems. Will bloom approximately two months after arrival. Write for details to GLASER & SHAGAM, Box 292, Capetown.

MAYFAIR Dressmakers and Milliners. "Top to toe" service for the professional woman. Dresses at 6½ *gns.*, hats at 1 *gn.* ROMANIA LTD., 18 Clarges St. (2 mins. from the Ritz).

WHEN IN OXFORD be photographed by HELENA THORNHILL, 23 Cornmarket Street. Telephone Oxford 4444.

ART of RECORD BUYING. Twelve recordings of one sonata but only one best. You'll find it in this free guide to 1,000 classical records. Write to E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones Ltd., 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing 2*d.* in stamps.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1*s.* 0*d.* Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3*s.* 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97*s.* 6*d.*; Jacket, 57*s.* 6*d.* S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.* post free.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807).

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE, 191a Palace Gate, W.8.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON. Repertory.
Evenings 8. Sats., 5 & 8.15.
Call It a Day By Dodie Smith.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Suspect By Rex Judd.

LIVERPOOL. Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Moral Gestures By Edward Wooll.

MANCHESTER. Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
Devonshire Cream By Eden Phillpotts.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
WILLY FORST'S Great Dramatic Triumph,
BURGTHEATER (U).
With CARL ESMOND, WERNER KRAUSS, OLGA TSCHECHOWA, HANS MOSER.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 14th JUNE, for THREE DAYS.
PAULA WESSELEY in
SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE (A).
THURSDAY, 17th JUNE, for FOUR DAYS,
PAULA WESSELEY in **EPISODE** (A).

PERSONAL

17-YEAR-OLD German emigré in Holland wants to stay as P.G. with English family, July 15th to August 31st. Reply with references to Box 824, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TWO unfurnished rooms rent free for one person in exchange services to couple out all day. 3 Oliver Mansions, Gondar Gardens, N.W.6. Hampstead 4681.

FRENCH conversation, etc., by Licenciée (Paris). Ring TER 4917 between 8.30–9.30 a.m. or 1–2.30 p.m.

WANTED. Second-hand SIMPLE MODERN FURNITURE. Box 810, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG professional woman requires accommodation in guest house or with family—Hampstead or Bloomsbury. Box 819, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG Swiss graduate desires to perfect his English. Seeks place English family business, or teaching French and German for keep or nominal salary. Fond sport; drives car. M. BERTHOUD, Quai Perrier, Neuchatel.

FRENCH family, with sons aged 13, 14 and 15, offers hospitality to English boy for summer holidays; safe sea bathing, tennis, golf, etc. 40 *fr.* per day. Apply MME. S. THIEBAUT, 19 Boulevard Flandrin, Paris XVI.

THE ideal evening class for business girls: Eve Saxe's RHYTHM-GRACE-HEALTH exercises. Only 1*s.* this summer, or 1*s.* 6*d.* if combined with Tap Dancing. Cool, attractive studio, shower. 12 Cheniston Gardens (behind Pontings). Mon., Wed., Fri.

TWO young men—journalism and publicity—invite free-lance work. Anything that needs ideas. Write in confidence. Box 822, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A BOOK TO BUY at once at the bookstall or newsagent is THE HOSPITAL GUIDE, 1937, price only threepence. Contains particulars of over 150 hospitals with hours of attendance at various departments and auxiliary services. Paying bed accommodation for middle classes; information for patients, invalids, family use, social workers. A remarkable compendium of necessary facts for instant reference.

ADVISE Auntie to buy THE HOSPITAL GUIDE, price 3*d.* (see above). Then she will know the facts and be able to tell the family what to do when anyone is seriously ill.

YOUNG Swedish lady, now studying in England, desires post with English family during the Summer. Speaks English fluently and willing to teach Swedish, German or French. Write W. F., 6 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

NOWHERE near Paddington, but on 153 bus route, halfway between Baker St. and Regent's Park Tube stations. ANTHONY PANTING, 5 Paddington St. Welbeck 4950.

YOUNG FRENCH LADY wishes to stay *au pair* with English family, July 10th to August 10th, exchanging languages. VOLLANT, 9 Greyclose, N.W.11.

DELIGHTFUL, inexpensive Cruise to GREEK ISLES, Dalmatia, ATHENS, Corfu, Mt. Athos, Thassos, SAMOTHRACE, MYTILENE, etc. Aug. 24th to Sept. 12th, fr. 23 *gns.* incl. London–London. NO EXTRAS. Ideal weather, perfect bathing, delicious food. ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS, 1 Albany Terr., London, N.W.1.

NUDIST CLUB, central London, both sexes, Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

STOP SMOKING—quick, cheap, lasting as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write, CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, June 13th, at 11, DR. H. J. BRIDGES: "TRIUMPH OVER DEATH." 7.0, MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: "ABILITY AND NEEDS."

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: MR. E. BASIL SHORT, B.Sc. Subject: "PROGRESS."

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE. Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street, King's Cross. Monday, June 14th, 7.30, "HAVE SOCIALISTS A SEXUAL REFORM POLICY?" J. T. MURPHY: MARY SARAN. Chair: Janet Chance. Admission 6d.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, June 13th, at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "1837–1937, ENGLAND THEN AND NOW." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: REV. WILL HAYES. June 13th: "THE NEW PACIFISTS."

MR. HENNIKER-HEATON on "PSYCHOLOGY AND YOU." London House of Citizenship, 5 Bramham Gardens, S.W.5. Mondays, 11 a.m. Flax. 6232.

S.C.R. 12th June. Re-union of those who have visited or wish to visit the U.S.S.R. 7 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C. Speakers: SIR BERNARD PARES, MR. F. L. WHELEN. Russian dances, songs and music. Dancing 10 till midnight. Tickets 2s.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.S.R. WEEK-END SCHOOL, DIGSWELL PARK CONFERENCE HOUSE, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, JUNE 26th/27th.
SPEAKERS: DR. W. A. ROBSON, DR. G. M. VEVERS (of the London Zoo) and MR. VICTOR GOLLANCZ.
WEEK-END (Saturday tea to Sunday evening), 18s. For further details please apply to the SECRETARY, 98 Gower Street, W.C.1. (Euston 2315).

ASSOCIATIONS of Assistant Masters and Mistresses Summer School; Selwyn College, Aug. 13th–23rd. Open forum with Pearl Adam, W. G. de Burgh, Arthur Eddington, Ronald Gurner, Middleton Murry, Edith Sitwell, Freda Utley, Arnold Wilson, Humbert Wolfe. Secretary: 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVICE given, free of charge, on SCHOOLS: also on trainings for Secretarial, Domestic Science and other professions.

CUDHAM HALL, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Progressive Home School for young children. Delightful country surroundings. Open-air life. Riding School on premises. All-round education at moderate inclusive fees. MISS M. K. WILSON. Tel.: Biggin Hill 203.

CHALLONER SCHOOL, 71 & 72 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Frobisher 4223.
A Day and Boarding School for Girls where a liberal education achieves a high standard of work. Preparatory Department for boys and girls.

BELTANE SCHOOL. Wimbledon (WIM. 1589). Day and Boarding; boys and girls 5–18 years.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls (Founded 1858).
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship and service. A wide curriculum, the study of national and international affairs, adequate leisure and self-disciplined freedom give opportunity for the fullest development of personality and individual gifts. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

HURTWOOD SCHOOL
PEASLAKE, NEAR GUILDFORD
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS
From 3 years.
Vitality, interest, humour and good sense recognised as essentials in an endeavour to gain a high standard of scholarship and social responsibility, without strain or reaction.
More room for boarders next term owing to recent addition to building.
Full particulars from Principal, JANET JEWSON, M.A., N.F.U.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields, park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

INSURE
with
THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD
Chief Administration:
7, CHANCERY LANE
LONDON

SCHOOLS—continued

NEW EDITION JUST PUBLISHED
PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS' YEAR BOOK.
Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult re schools, careers, professions, etc. 10s. 6d. net.—Year Book Press, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1.

CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, N. Devon. For children from 3–12 years. Farm life combined with good education and home care. Trained nurse. Entire charge or short periods—holidays. MRS. VOLKMER, B.A.

WYCHWOOD SCHOOL, Oxford (recognised) Founded 1897. Eighty girls, ages 6–18. Entire charge if desired. Special civics (school House of Commons for weekly debate), literature and art. Small classes, large resident staff. Preparation for universities and professions. Swimming, boating, riding, lacrosse, netball, tennis. Health of school exceptional. Aims: to unite a sound modern education on lines of individual freedom with older standards of courtesy and thought for others. Principals: MARGARET LEE, M.A. (Oxon.); GERALDINE COSTER, B. Litt. (Oxon.). Boarders' fees 150 guineas.

HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS. Preparatory School, Boys and Girls 7–14. Recognised by the Board of Education. Modern outlook.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

LYNDALE School, 67 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Annual seaside hol. centre from July 25th for 6 wks. PRI 6466.

KESWICK SCHOOL, Derwentwater. Progressive education stressing Art, Music, Handicraft. Boys and girls 8–19. Laboratories, etc., rebuilding. Frequent open scholarships. Fees £82 (or less).

FOR advice on the choice of suitable
BOARDING SCHOOLS, TUTORS,
or other Educational Establishments
for boys or girls of any age, apply to
J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents,
143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4,
Tel. Mansion House 5053,
stating full details of requirements; or consult
PATONS LIST OF SCHOOLS AND TUTORS
39th Annual Edition. Post free 5s. 6d.

SCHOOLS—continued

DAVIES'S LAW COURSES
(Incorporating the courses of Dr. Nembhard Hibbert)
TRINITY BAR EXAMS.
FINALS: one 3rd class, no failures. PART I: one 2nd class, three 3rd class, two failures.
SUSSEX HOUSE, 1 Holland Park, W.11. Park 4414.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield, Hants. (Founded 1893). A co-educational boarding school for boys and girls from 11–19. Separate junior school for those from 5–11. Inspected by the Board of Education. Country estate of 150 acres. Home Farm. Education is on modern lines and aims at securing the fullest individual development in, and through, the community. Headmaster: F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

KING'S SCHOOL, Bruton, Somerset. Examination June 22nd, 23rd and 24th for two entrance scholarships and four exhibitions. For particulars apply to the HEADMASTER.

L'AVENIR, Villars-sur-Ollen, Switzerland (4,100 ft.). Twenty boys and girls (4 to 18).

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL, BUNCE COURT, OTTERDEN, KENT.
Progressive school for German and English boys and girls (5–18). Healthy situation. Homelike atmosphere. Stress on Modern Languages. Music, arts and crafts, games, practical work. Preparation for examinations. Qualified English and German staff.
ANNA ESSINGER, M.A., Principal.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS, *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Nursery class attached. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2–14 years old.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL
(Founded 1927)
Principal: DORA RUSSELL.
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER SCHOOL
Has acquired most attractive premises
at
Kingwell Hall, Timsbury, near BATH, Somerset. 500 feet up, facing the Mendip Hills, large gardens, playing field, swimming bath. Co-educational from two years. From individual freedom through self-government to social understanding. Health, happiness, and sound teaching in all subjects combined with practical and creative work. Moderate fees. Apply Dora Russell.

ACKWORTH SCHOOL
NEAR PONTEFRACT.
CONDUCTED BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
(Quakers)
Headmaster: W. A. COOPER, M.A., M.Sc.
Headmistress: HELEN M. NEATBY, M.A.
Good general education up to Higher School Certificate
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Guidance in leisure pursuits.
Careful training for life.
Excellent food (own farm).
Estate of 340 acres with large playing fields, and covered swimming bath.
Fees moderate.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

IMPORTANT BOOKS BY SYLVIA PANKHURST:
"The Suffragette Movement." Lovat Dickson, 38 Bedford Street, W.C.2. 7s. 6d. The authentic history of the movement, fully illustrated.
"The Life of Emmeline Pankhurst." Werner Laurie, 24 Water Lane, E.C.4. 3s. 6d.
"The Home Front." Hutchinson's, 34 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. 7s. 6d. A mirror to life in England during the Great War; 32 illustrations. A vivid and informative volume which no sociologist should miss.
"Delphos," a history of international language in Kegan Paul's "Today and Tomorrow" Series. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., 68–74 Carter Lane, E.C.4. 3s. 6d.
"Save the Mothers." George Allen & Unwin, 40 Museum Street, W.C.1. 6s. A plea for a national maternity service; particulars of all the existing schemes and the best things done in all countries.
"Poems of Eminescu," the great Rumanian poet and thinker, with prefaces by Bernard Shaw and Prof. Iorga. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

"NEW TIMES & ETHIOPIA NEWS," edited by Sylvia Pankhurst—a wealth of information on international questions, first-hand news and views from Ethiopia, Italy, Germany, Spain, Geneva, etc., from 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.